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NUMBER

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A MONTHLY REVIEW OF SOCIAL ADVANCE.
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Vol. XX.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

No. 5

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Frontispiece Portrait

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BOOK REVIEWS

By Horatio W. Dresser, and A. R. D.

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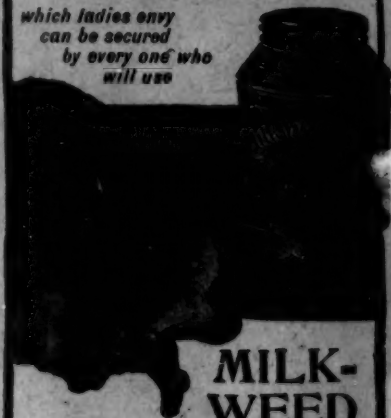
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PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS.

During the coming year THE ARENA will carry to its readers month by month the best thought of men and women entitled by character and achievement to rank as *world-makers*. Through its pages will be imparted in rare degree that fulness and intensity of life that marks the dawn of the coming century—food more important than bread, to those who would truly live. Its treatment of present-day problems can be counted on for light and leading, the fruit of sober study and investigation and of actual practical experience in various fields. The genuine radical, true to the derivation of the word, goes to the *roots* of things; and radicalism of this order is, after all, the truest conservatism. It does not question for the sake of mere questioning; its motion is not in a circle for the enjoyment of motion, like children on a merry-go-round, but towards a definite destination.

MUNICIPAL EXPANSION.

Mr. Douglas's article in the December issue on Boston's experience in this direction will be followed by similar accounts of work done in other large cities, with timely and thoughtful consideration of the possibilities of municipal expansion, its direction, methods, limitations, and results. Mayor Jones of Toledo, Governor Pingree of Michigan, and other distinguished exponents of the municipal reform movement will contribute articles on various phases of the subject.

WORK AND THE WORKER.

THE ARENA, under its present editorship, distinctly repudiates the un-American and illiberal spirit which seeks to identify all reform with what is called "class consciousness." The labor movement in this respect has been hampered and hindered for years by unfortunate and unnecessary antagonisms designed primarily, not to remove evils and improve the condition of the worker, but to excite and keep alive through passion, prejudice, and pugnaciousness, on the sides of both labor and capital, a state of feeling far removed from that calm reasonableness essential to the mutual understanding and fair adjustment of differences. Class appeals, whether demagogic or plutogic, are not less offensive and short-sighted than that blind partisanship which sees all the virtues monopolized by one party and all the vices by the other. In no sense the "organ" of labor organizations or of capitalistic organizations, THE ARENA trusts to forward the realization of a higher and better social order for all alike. While reserving perfect freedom to criticize men and measures put forward as representative of the labor movement, it will be found always the faithful and earnest friend of the worker in the larger sense, and of all labor organization that shall stand for development of the true American spirit. Among papers of special interest to workers within and without the ranks of organized labor, already arranged for and to appear early in the coming year, will be a cogent and comprehensive review of the blacklisting cases growing out of the great railway strike and a clear-cut account of the mine boss in Pennsylvania politics—both articles being of startling interest and suggestiveness.

BUSINESS AND LIFE.

Another mine of immense interest which THE ARENA is working up in original fashion for the delectation of its readers during the coming year is the examination of the various great businesses of the country in their more distinctly human aspects. Important service, it is believed, may be accomplished by bringing out facts which, showing the close relation between occupation and character, life and work in the individual and the mass, will in some degree counteract the tendency to separate "business" from the human side, making it a cold, calculating, soul and body consuming pursuit of self. In our own country, as in England, there is especial need for emphasizing the gospel of work, preached by Ruskin and Morris—of showing the gains and losses not entered on business ledgers, but after all more important than the debits and credits so carefully looked after, and, whether we are conscious of them or not, inevitable as the rising and going down of the sun.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

While keeping its readers fully abreast of the progress of scientific discovery and invention, THE ARENA will not hesitate to leave the beaten track in these lines to bring before the world early intelligence of the fruits of certain study and experiment, likely, indeed, to revolutionize the world's thought and the world's industry in certain directions. For obvious reasons, the precise nature of these discoveries cannot as yet be more than hinted; it will suffice now to suggest that they have to do with an investigation of the properties of our atmosphere and of the possibilities of etheric vibration, going far beyond anything heretofore dreamed of. Another branch of the new science with whose advance THE ARENA is in close touch is that "psychological physiology," so called, already developed to such an extent as to demand urgent consideration in all sociological work especially in the education of the young and in the treatment of the defective and delinquent classes. Several articles on psychometry particularly suggestive of that fascinating borderland where the psychic and the physical meet, the work of Charles B. Newcomb, the gifted author of "All's Right with the World," will appear early in the year, to be followed by similarly interesting articles from the pens of others.

PHILOSOPHY AND METAPHYSICS.

In the pages of THE ARENA the newest development of metaphysical thought which carries it beyond a small and privileged class and makes it the possession of the people at large, will find peculiarly fitting expression. No longer the mysterious plaything of the theologian or the scholar, the Science of Being is now made the sure and solid basis for a new art of living—of living in the wholeness and balance that means life indeed; healing diseases of the body politic, as of the body corporeal; raising individuals and nations out of weakness into strength; not merely alleviating or patching up evil, but eradicating it and uplifting the race in character, power, and happiness. The claims of the New Thought, to which both the editor and his associate have given so much attention in the past, will in the future receive such fairness and fulness of attention in the right relation which THE ARENA's broad scope makes possible, that all interested in the metaphysical movement, from whatever standpoint, will find the review indispensable.

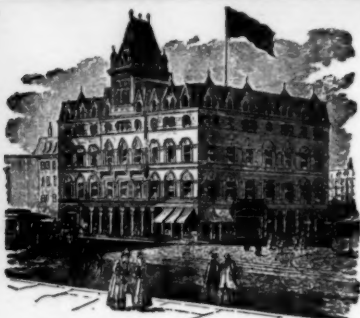
FICTION AND POETRY.

Serious and substantial in the main, and so didactic in large degree, THE ARENA will, however, record a most decided advance in the matter of its literary standard, calling by example, as well as by precept, for the wider recognition of the purest and best quality, style, and form in the literature of the day. In addition to its essays on questions of the day in literature and life, every issue will contain a short story of exceptional merit and one or more poems that must commend themselves to lovers of good verse. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson's poem "Up and Down," in the October number, and "The Children of the Sea" and "The Death of Bruno," published in December, may be taken as promise of the poetical treat in store for ARENA readers. In the January number, Lucy Cleveland, winner of the *Herald* prize for short stories and a fiction writer of power and brilliancy, will have a story of rare charm and originality called "The Thousand and Second Knight." In every case THE ARENA's story will be a strong and attractive feature; bold to the startling point in originality of theme and treatment.

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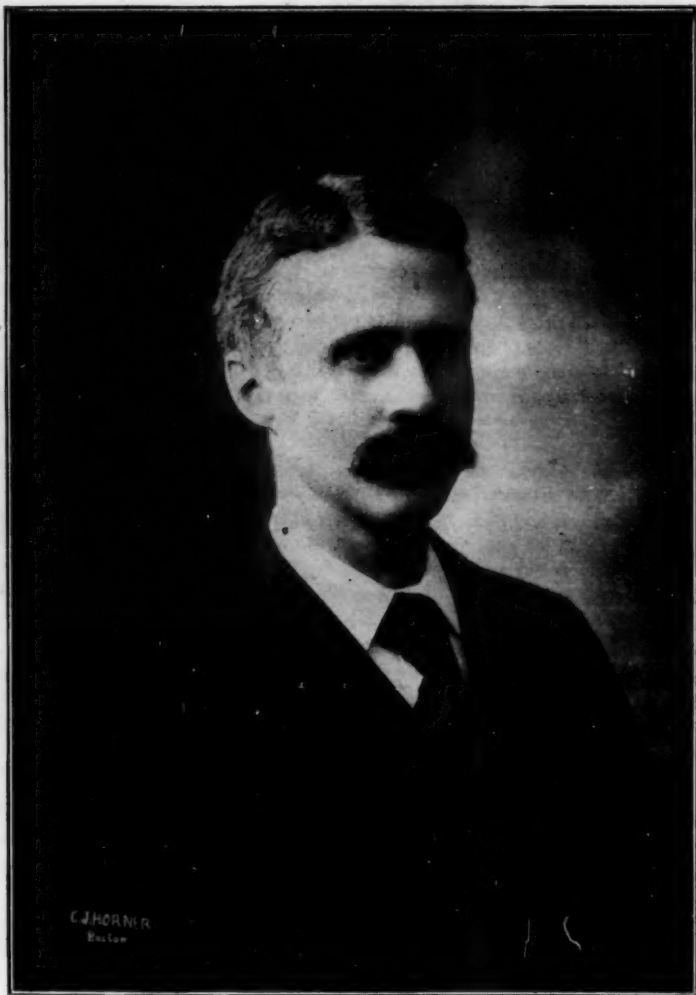
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
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 JOSIAH QUINCY, MAYOR OF BOSTON.

THE ARENA

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MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM IN BOSTON.

BY FRANCIS J. DOUGLAS.

BOSTON is one of the oldest municipalities in America and is commonly regarded as the most conservative, and in many aspects the most intellectual. Its present mayor, Josiah Quincy, is a scion of one of the oldest, and in many aspects one of the most conservative and intellectual, of Boston families. He is the third Josiah Quincy who has held the chief office of the city. His great-grandfather was the second mayor, his grandfather the eleventh, and he is the thirty-fourth. The Quincys have been conspicuous in the life of Boston for more than two and a half centuries. No family in the history of Boston, with a single exception, represents so much of unbroken genealogical distinction as the house of Quincy. This exception is the family of Adams, with which the name and the fortunes of the Quincys long were mingled. In the earlier days the women of the Quincy family were famous belles, and the men have reflected all the shining culture of the most cultivated environment in America. "Dorothy Q.," the subject of one of the most familiar poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes, was a Quincy with whom the present mayor can claim a common ancestry. She was an early daughter of the house of which he is the latest son.

The Quineys once were wealthy as well as aristocratic, and owned a large estate in the town of Quincy, which had been the family seat for many generations. But for many years they have not been rich; the ancestral acres are no longer in the family, and Mayor Quincy, who is a bachelor, now lives with his father's family in an old-fashioned house on what has ceased to be even the edge of the fashionable quarter of the city of Boston.

The first Josiah Quincy who was Mayor of Boston transmitted to his son and his great-grandson certain physical and mental traits which may be regarded as family characteristics. The Quineys have been tall and dark, of notable gravity of demeanor and much apparent reserve and abstraction. They have been distinguished for their intense public spirit and energy, for their learning and eloquence, and for a certain striking originality, ingenuity, and audacity of intellect, which is the most obvious and interesting distinction of the present mayor. The first Mayor Quincy lived to be ninety-two years old, and his public career was marked by a frank and vigorous contempt for those conventionalities which hamper progress. The second Mayor Quincy lived to be over eighty, and he exhibited all the activity and public spirit of his father. The present Mayor Quincy is in his fortieth year. It is easy to trace Josiah Quincy's inheritance of traits from both ancestors: from his great-grandfather the love of letters and the appreciation of the æsthetic, from his grandfather practical public zeal, and from both the limitless energy, the originality of thought, grace of expression, and cool determination with which he plots and plans and—performs. There never has been a mayor who had greater incentive to cultivate his powers and let his light shine before men. In the courtyard of the City Hall, under the window by which he sits at work in the mayor's office, he may look down on the handsome bronze statue of his great-grandfather, on which is lettered the story of the first Mayor Quincy's public service. The Mayor passes this statue whenever he enters or leaves the City Hall. That he is not unmindful of the

pride and obligation of ancestral distinction he himself testified, in his first address to the City Council, when he said that he had "a greater reason, even if it be sentimental, than any other citizen of Boston, for appreciating the honor of succeeding the long line of distinguished men" who had occupied the office.

Mayor Quincy's political career began in the lower branch of the State Legislature, in which he served for four years, representing the Quincy district. He became the leader of his party there, and gave special attention to the work of the Committee on Labor, on which he served. It had been an unimportant and ineffective committee until he entered it; he made it one of the most important and effective. His record on this committee gained for him the lasting friendship of the leaders in the labor cause throughout the State. His earliest public speeches were made in the legislature. He was a young man then, less than thirty years old, and manifested some nervousness in his first address. He afterward became one of the best orators of the legislature, perhaps the most forceful and convincing. There has been no Mayor of Boston in this generation who has been so good an orator as Mayor Quincy is now.

* * * * *

So much has been said of the inherited and personal characteristics of Mayor Quincy in order that it may not seem so great a paradox that a man of his type, in a city like Boston, should have been the first Mayor to put into effect more elaborate and significant experiments in municipal socialism than have marked the proceedings of any other American municipality. It is paradox enough that the instrument for many radical departures from conventional limitations of municipal government should have been a product of that environment which for half a century has borne the reproach of ultra-conservatism.

In the three years that Josiah Quincy has been Mayor of Boston he has given expression to not less than half a dozen

ideas of municipal development which are distinctly fresh in their application to the government of American cities. "Municipal Socialism" is the phrase which others have employed to describe his plans; he himself has been content to continue planning and presenting, and has not attempted to label his work. When a friend said to him a year ago: "You are a Socialist," he replied: "It would be more accurate to say I have some socialistic sympathies, if I may be permitted to define my kind of socialism." About the same time one of his most trusted political associates, to whom was expressed doubt of the mayor's continued success in politics, replied energetically: "Josiah Quincy is proceeding along the lines of municipal socialism, and the municipal socialist in politics will be the success of the future." Of another distinguished and learned supporter of the Mayor's municipal policy was asked this question: "Does Mr. Quincy's socialism proceed from the heart or from the head?" "From the heart," the gentleman said, "and I believe he is too sympathetic." Mr. Quincy himself forbears to enlighten the public as to whether his plans involve a wide and general application of sociological principles in which he believes, or are isolated experiments for municipal improvement; perhaps they have started as the latter and are ending as the former.

There is no doubt that Josiah Quincy knows all that anybody knows about municipal socialism, as it is defined by its friends and promoters in European cities. He is a close and careful student, and still more an observer and enquirer, and the extent of his range of thought and observation is a subject of general surprise. Perhaps it is fair to assume that every one of his plans is the result of a comprehensive survey of the whole field of municipal quickening and growth, and is consequently only a cautious and tentative expression of a large and carefully calculated scheme of municipal development.

When he was nominated for Mayor in 1895, he promised in his letter of acceptance that if he should be elected he would try to furnish public baths free for all the people of

the city and for use all the year around. His opponents attempted to use this statement as the text for satirical criticism. After he was elected, in his first address to the City Council he referred to the subject again as a "project for encouraging social and sanitary improvement." This was the first of his plans in what may be called the line of municipal socialism. It has now succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations.

A Committee on Public Baths was appointed, and its report was sent to the City Council in April, 1896. This report recommended that the baths should be absolutely free, that a series of district bath houses be established, and that the first experimental bathing station be located near the corner of Harrison Avenue and Dover Street, a point near the geographical centre of Boston, and within reach of more than 87,000 persons who were without bathing facilities in their homes. The Committee, which was composed of men and women prominently identified with projects of municipal reform and development, fully treated the subject of public baths for both sexes, and made the special recommendation that steps be taken toward placing simple outfits of spray baths in school buildings in various parts of the city, for the use of school children and of people living in the immediate neighborhood of the schools. Mr. Quincy presented to the City Council the findings of the Committee with the recommendation that \$65,000 be appropriated for the purchase of a lot of land and the construction of a public bath house. Before the contract for the erection of this building had been awarded, Mayor Quincy recommended in his annual address to the City Council, in January, 1897, a loan of \$200,000 toward erecting baths in Charlestown, East Boston, the North End, South Boston, and Roxbury. With this recommendation he entered more fully into the subject of free public bathing, confessed that it was his hope and wish that in twelve months Boston might surpass any other city of the country in free public bathing facilities, recommended the adoption of a plan for free instruction in swimming, par-

ticularly for the benefit of the scholars in the public schools, and mentioned the fact that, following the example of many of the cities of continental Europe, the school committee of Boston had decided to try the experiment of providing baths for the use of the scholars in the public school buildings. But the City Council of 1897 contained many members who were disposed, mainly for partisan purposes, to offer obstruction to Mr. Quincy's plans, and he was forced to make haste slowly in the development of his public bathing system.

Despite this obstruction, a department of Public Baths was established, in accordance with his recommendation, in the spring of 1898, and the Dover Street Bath House, which was planned two years ago, was formally opened the middle of October. On the occasion of the opening of this first permanent public bath house in Boston for all-the-year-round use, Mr. Quincy delivered a significant speech. He referred to the fact that Boston now possesses the finest and most modern bathing establishment on this continent, and that the building, which cost upwards of \$70,000, is of so substantial and ornamental a character as to be an architectural monument worthy of the city which owns it—one which might well have been intended for a private club of men and women of means. The building, which was designed by a leading firm of architects, is 43 feet wide and 110 feet deep, with separate entrances and waiting rooms for women and men. It is three stories high, the first story being of granite and the two others of brick. The waiting rooms are surrounded with benches and have mosaic floors and marble walls. On the entrance floor are drying-rooms, a laundry, and a store-room for all the towels and bathing-suits of all the municipal baths. The men's waiting room contains thirty enclosed shower baths and three enclosed tubs. Each shower cabin consists of a dressing alcove, with a seat, beyond which is the bathing alcove. The partitions and backs of the compartments are of marble. Each bath alcove contains a heating apparatus which permits the bather to regulate the tem-

perature of the water. The women's bath-room contains eleven shower cabins and six bath-cabins.

In his second annual address to the City Council, in 1897, Mr. Quincy had many new things to talk about. Beside the matter of public baths, he gave much attention to the subject of providing playgrounds for the children of the city. He spoke of the great public interest in extensive park areas in Boston and other cities, and said that in his opinion if one-twentieth of the sum which Boston has spent on her magnificent park system could be devoted to the acquisition, in proper localities throughout the city, of numerous areas to serve as local playgrounds, the investment would bring in a large percentage of return in healthful physical development and social well-being. He thought that every ward of the city should be provided with some place where children could play and where outdoor sports and contests could be carried on. The city of Paris, he mentioned, had a board of directors of public sports, and he had faith that Boston could be made the first city in America in its facilities for public exercise and athletics. To this end several large spaces have been taken for public playgrounds and for purposes of public recreation, and two open-air gymnasia have been provided in thickly populated districts of the city.

For a playground at the North End, one of the most densely settled districts of the city, \$100,000 had been appropriated, but the Mayor recommended that \$200,000 additional be spent during the year for playgrounds, adding, "I am thoroughly satisfied that it would be far wiser for the city to expend the sum of \$400,000 during the coming year for public baths and playgrounds than to devote that amount of money to any other purposes, of however pressing a character. The adoption of progressive and distinctive municipal policies of this nature raises the reputation and standing of the city and tends to bring its government closer to the people and to promote a civic spirit which will yield valuable results in many directions." He recommended also that improvements be made in the public squares and grounds, such city prop-

erty comprising 143 acres, and that sand-pits be supplied for small children to play in, with places of shelter for mothers and nurses.

The children have been an especial object of Mayor Quincy's interest and effort. At his suggestion, the Bath Department put into effect during the last season a plan of providing instruction in swimming for school children, and about 3500 were taught during the season. He arranged with the permission of the school committee to keep open many of the schoolyards of the city in summer for use intendent of Public Grounds to distribute for use in the fall of the year. Last summer he established a free camp for boys on Long Island in Boston Harbor, and over one hundred boys at a time were in camp each week during the latter part of the summer. Military discipline was employed to some extent, and the boys have listened to lectures by well-known men on entertaining topics of useful knowledge. The real plan for the future is to provide at the public expense vacation instruction for the pupils of the public schools, while affording these boys abundant opportunity for the most healthful recreation. This camp has been under the executive direction of the Institutions Commissioner, and has been supervised by an advisory committee of citizens.

Mr. Quincy has made some interesting reforms in institutional management. In his first address to the City Council he stated the doctrine that the most important principle in the management of public institutions was the scientific classification of their inmates, and said that the ideal condition would be one under which each inmate should receive a course of mental and moral treatment adapted to his individual case. He admitted the impracticability of fully realizing such an ideal, but recommended such classification of the inmates of all Boston's public institutions, penal, insane, and charitable, as would group together, in sufficiently small bodies, all persons requiring practically similar treatment. His recommendations resulted in the separation of the lunatic, indigent, and criminal classes, and of juveniles

and adults, so that the waif, the lunatic, and the pauper, who formerly were under one system of direct control, are now under separate and distinct forms of institutional government. Moreover, an Institution Registration Department has been established, and a complete statistical registration is maintained of all inmates of the city's public institutions. By this system any inmate of the institutions may be traced from his first connection with them, while information as complete as possible is to be recorded as to ancestry and progeny, and as to character, habits, and environment. "The administration of charitable and reformatory institutions is not merely, or even primarily, a business matter," is the frank and striking manner in which Mr. Quincy epitomized his views on this general subject. "Humanitarian management upon a scientific basis," he added, "is not inconsistent with true economy."

It was in harmony with these and similar views, indicative of his disposition to depart from the exclusively commercial spirit, which has been most conspicuous and influential heretofore in municipal government in America, and to adopt the advanced sociological theory of old-world cities, where municipal government is treated with the dignity and gravity of a science, that Mr. Quincy secured the establishment of a department of municipal statistics. This department is under the immediate management of one of the best equipped sociological students and statisticians in the country, Dr. Edward M. Hartwell, formerly of Johns Hopkins University. Boston is the first city in this country to adopt this feature of the administration of European municipalities. In cities like Berlin and Paris it is an agency of demonstrated usefulness. The purpose of the department of statistics is not only to record in figures the important details of local municipal life, but also to gather and tabulate available information concerning the municipal matters and methods of other cities. The head of the statistical department is also the editor of the official municipal gazette, known as "The City Record," which Mayor Quincy established at

the beginning of the present year "as a regular and systematic agency for giving full and speedy publicity to all official action taken by the executive departments" of the city, and which later received by ordinance the full character of an official gazette.

It has been remarked that in very many of Mr. Quincy's recommendations for new departures in the present system of municipal government in Boston, he refers approvingly to conditions existing in cities of Continental Europe. When he recommends a better and more elaborate scheme of public lavatories, for example, he mentions the underground lavatories of London, and when he favors establishing a statistical department, he cites the precedents of Paris and Berlin. This indicates that he has given careful study to the problems of municipal government as they are being worked out by the great cities of Europe, where the problems are older and more urgent than in this country, though not more important.

The people of Boston have come to await with curiosity the addresses of Mr. Quincy to the City Council. Each of his several annual addresses has contained more or less novel material. In the address of 1897 there is more new and significant matter than in any of the others. He considered in this address the subjects of free public concerts, of public lavatories, of a municipal laboratory, of a municipal printing department, and of a municipal electrical construction division. He recommended, moreover, that all the islands in Boston Harbor now owned by individuals should be purchased by the city, for special municipal purposes of the future. Behind this recommendation, perhaps, there is some plan of the Mayor, not yet disclosed, which may form an interesting chapter in some later address.

In his plan for a municipal laboratory, which is now in successful operation under an expert bacteriologist, he states its many advantages as a permanent official agency for the examination by chemical analysis of the food and supplies of the city.

Free public band concerts in summer had been included

in the work of the city before Mr. Quincy became mayor, but were omitted by his predecessor. They were resumed under Mr. Quincy, and this year he recommended the establishment of a permanent department of music, outlining his ideas in the following characteristic statement:

"I believe that the furnishing of a reasonable amount of music at the public expense falls within the proper functions of a large municipality, and that it would be enlightened policy for this city to appropriate for free public music, under proper direction, several times the amount which has recently been expended, and to develop its work in this direction upon broader lines and upon a more definite and permanent basis. I fully believe in the idea that a large city should make some reasonable provision for the healthful recreation of its people, and for their social elevation, and this doctrine has come to be generally accepted in Europe, if not in this country. By the establishment of parks, playgrounds, baths, and gymnasias, this city has taken considerable steps in the direction of recognizing its obligations of this character. The civilizing and refining influence of music has been recognized from the earliest times, and I am fully convinced that judiciously directed expenditures for this purpose will be fully warranted. The reputation of Boston as a centre of musical education should stimulate us to afford to the masses of our people greater opportunities of listening to good music and to endeavor to raise their appreciation of music. Under proper control a great deal can be accomplished in this direction at a comparatively small expenditure; free popular concerts should not be confined altogether to the summer months when they can be given out of doors, but should also be given during the winter at suitable places indoors, which could be utilized without extra expense. After mature consideration of the subject I have come to the conclusion that, in order to raise free public music to a proper plane in dignity and importance, it should be placed under the direction, even if the appropriation is no larger than in the past, of an unpaid board, composed of persons of musical taste, who would appreciate the social and educational value of free public music, and the opportunity of rendering a useful service to our people by its judicious development."

This department has been established and is in admirable working order. Its success has been gratifying. The commission's recent efforts have been directed to the conduct of Sunday night concerts. A small fee, ten to twenty-five cents, has been charged for seats, and the hall in which the concerts are held has been filled with great audiences. Only good music is given, and what Mr. Quincy asserted concerning the musical taste of the people of this city has been fully borne out by the appreciation of classical music which the audiences have displayed. A very interesting incident of the operation of this plan is the urgent objection which some of the clergymen and sabbatarian leagues have made to Sunday night concerts.

Recently Mr. Quincy has formulated a plan for the use of the school-rooms of the city for free public lectures.

In all the plans that have been mentioned, which are indicative of Mr. Quincy's purpose to draw the government closer to the people and the people closer to the government, perhaps nothing has partaken more of the character of municipal socialism than the municipal printing plant and the municipal electrical construction and building repair divisions. The establishment of the printing plant met with outspoken criticism and was followed by an official investigation of its purchase. The city of Boston was the pioneer in this field of municipal ownership and operation, and it had to encounter the difficulties and obstructions which beset the path of all pioneers. Previous to the establishment of this plant, the city printing had been done on the contract system. The change brought about by Mr. Quincy is a step toward the system of the direct employment of labor by the municipality, which he favors as a general principle.

The last report of the Superintendent of Printing epitomizes the story of the first results of this experiment, as follows:

"The operation of the plant by the city dates from March, 1897. The total pay-roll for the eleven months amounts to \$62,992.83; the total business done for the eleven months to

\$122,265.52; the total operating expenses to \$110,058.12. Allowing for depreciation of the plant, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, this department is able to report a net gain, during the period covered by the report, of \$8,004.30 as against the old system of contract work. Of at least an equal importance with this considerable financial gain must be considered the conditions under which this money has been expended and the results obtained. Union conditions have been rigidly adhered to in the administration of the plant. A high grade of competency has been insisted upon among the employees, and this has made possible the high grade of work produced, which will, at least, not suffer by comparison with that turned out under the contract system. In the matter of hours and wages the employees have been the beneficiaries of the union policy adopted, and a contented force of workmen is not the least pleasing result of this policy."

The position which Mr. Quincy took in establishing a municipal printing plant was described by himself as based on "the broad ground that the city should perform directly for itself all the work which it is practicable to so perform with reasonable economy."

The Electrical Construction Division was established in 1896, when Mr. Quincy had been in office only a few months. An expert practical electrician was appointed chief of the division and an efficient electrical corps was organized. The first large undertaking with which this division was entrusted was the installation of the electric lighting plant of the City Hospital, for which an appropriation of \$40,000 had been made. Then followed a mass of other important work on public buildings, schoolhouses, and city offices. The valuation of the electric lighting and service property of the city is \$300,000, and this sum does not include the fire-alarm and police-signal systems. The use of electricity in some form now enters into the equipment of nearly every building. An incident of the work of this division has been the establishment of a separate telephone exchange at city hall for the municipal offices.

Mr. Quincy publicly has said: "I am strongly in favor of

the adoption by the city, in the execution of all of the extensive and varied municipal work, in the nature of repairs in, or new work on, existing buildings, of the policy . . . of direct purchase of materials and direct employment of labor, under competent technical supervision and executive direction;" to which he added the significant opinion: "I think it would have a decidedly beneficial effect upon municipal politics to place this work upon a basis where it would no longer be competed for by a large number of contractors."

This official statement by Mr. Quincy gives to the imagination free rein in traversing the field of the possibilities of municipal experiment, and opens an expansive vista along the line of municipal socialism which thus far has been pursued.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE REAL AMERICA.*

BY REV. GEORGE A. GORDON, D. D.

But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.—*Galatians iv. 26.*

PAUL sees before him two Jerusalems: one that is above and one that is under; one that is free and one that is in bondage; one that is bound to pass utterly away and one that has the certain assurance of permanence. Best of all, he sees that the Jerusalem that is above, that is free, that is everlasting, is the mother of us all. Nothing could better voice the sentiments of all true Americans to-day than these words of the great-hearted Jew who had become a Christian. There are before us to-day two nations: one that is from above and one that is from beneath; one that is free and one that is in the servitude of wickedness; one that we believe is under sentence of doom and one that has the promise

*Sermon preached before the fifty-second annual meeting of the American Missionary Association.

of permanence and final ascendancy. But best of all, the nation that is from above, that is free and prophetically victorious, is the mother of us all. We come then to the great message of the text, feeling that it is pertinent to the needs of this hour.

The first thing in the apostle's words is the vision of an ideal Jerusalem. He was fond of history; no one in that age had anything like so profound a sense of it. He loved to go back to the migration of the first Hebrews, to repeat the history of Israel under Moses, to dwell upon the great work that God had done for his people in the past, to mark off the history of his nation as in a profound and peculiar sense the history of the revelation of God to man. He knew the annals of Jerusalem by heart. No Jew of his time had read with a deeper thrill of joy of David's capture of the city, of his transformation of it to magnificent uses; no one had surveyed with more patriotic satisfaction whatever had been glorious in the reigns of subsequent kings, whatever had been mighty in the utterances of the great successions of prophets. The heroic associations and immortal memories that gathered about the actual Jerusalem had more power over his heart than they possessed for any other.

Still, he felt that this history had been poor. There was an aboriginal promise behind it all, within sight of which, in the actual development of the nation, it had never come. There were impulses in the national heart deeper and diviner than any historic expression they had yet received; there was a vision in the mind of the great prophetic leaders of Israel that had never attained anything like embodiment in the life of the people. Therefore in the interest of what was deepest in history he turned away from it; in behalf of what was noblest in the actual he turned toward the ideal. So far the entire record of his nation had been a failure, a failure to utter in its life the revelation made to it of truth and brotherhood.

This seems to me the inevitable position for the Christian patriot in America to-day. He is more impressed than other men by the actual achievements upon these shores; by the

landing of the Pilgrims; by the advance of colonial life; by the Declaration of Independence, the battle for an inalienable right to a victorious issue, and the organization of the government; by the swift and wonderful development of the country's resources, the successful struggle to maintain the unity and integrity of the nation, and the settlement of the gigantic moral question of slavery; by the concurrent growth of schools, colleges, and universities; by the deepening and spreading power of Christianity as expressed in a thousand different agencies; and by the great intellects, the great characters, the great servants that have been our guides. The Christian patriot can see a light in the silver stars of the old flag and a depth in its crimson bars visible to no other eyes. He better than all others can estimate the inspiration that has worked in the consciousness of our people, the moral energy needed to bring us where we are, the suffering involved, and the magnificent careers that, through this tremendous process, have been given to this country and the world. There is not a single noble tradition in Old Virginia or in Old Massachusetts that he does not cherish, no great name from Washington to Lincoln that he does not venerate, no battle for righteousness in the whole history that does not set his heart on fire. The Christian patriot sees more to honor and admire in our history than any other man; the whole past is to him deeper, richer, more august, more divinely tender than to any other.

Nevertheless, he is profoundly dissatisfied with what it has been, with what it is to-day. The dream of the Pilgrim burns like an immortal daybreak in the beginning of our history, and the full day has not yet come. The vision embodied in the Declaration of Independence is still an ideal unrealized. The profound and noble ideas that lie at the basis of our political institutions have so far received no such expression as they must have. The deepest and divinest forces in the consciousness of our people have had, as yet, no history worthy of them. And, therefore, we turn away from what has been to what shall be; from what is to what ought to be; from the actual to

the ideal country; from the America that is below to the America that is above.

The second thing that impresses us in the words of the text is that Paul looks upon the ideal Jerusalem as the real Jerusalem. The city that had been false to the idea upon which it was founded,—the idea of the supremacy of the righteous Lord,—that had obstructed the purpose of its best rulers, that had stoned the prophets and killed the men of genius and sublime character who had been sent unto it, that Jerusalem, although built upon a rock, composed of stable dwellings and an imposing temple, isolated from attack by ravines to right and left, and surrounded by a great wall, that Jerusalem was but a dream, a nightmare, a horrid ghost that must vanish. The Jerusalem that had no existence except in the morning thoughts of the first of the Hebrews, in the pious longings of the devouter leaders, and in the burning conceptions of the prophets; that city which had a full home nowhere but in the mind of Christ, which had no local habitation, no temple and no bulwarks for the national eye, that city Paul affirmed to be the real city. You can think of the contempt with which an unconverted Pharisee or Sadducee of that time would look upon the Christian fanatic matching his imagination against a great historic institution. It would have seemed to him the sheerest drivel, worthy of nothing but to be drowned with floods of ridicule. But what says the subsequent history? The Jerusalem of the old Jew is gone; the Jerusalem of the Apostle has been the great inspiration of the ages, and it is the great reality of to-day. What is called the reality is vanished forever; what was called the imagination abides.

The ideal America is the real America. If you want to know the everlasting America, look into the minds of its great patriots, into the thoughts of its deepest prophets. Out of the ideal country has come our entire moral strength. Out of the ideal came the origin of the country, and for all our inspirations in all our times of need our mightiest leaders have gone to the same source. When a new home is founded it is built and ordered in obedience to the vision of love. Children in

every true family have behind them the divine dream of parenthood. They are trained, carried forward from infancy and on into the years of self-help by the energy of a transfigured thought. When they come to manhood and womanhood their hearts begin to burn and they discover that the Lord is shaping the ideal in them. Out of the conception of the more perfect art, all literature, all social order, all political life that is not retrograde, is forever born. Nothing is so real as the ideal; it builds itself ten thousand times into the actual course of events. And still it is burdened with an infinite reserve. Think of the summers and autumns that have come and gone since civilized man put foot upon these shores. How the whole face of nature has flowered, how the entire earth has come to the abundant harvest for man and for beast! How much this great region has done, in the way of pageant and in the way of fruitfulness! What a history of beauty and of useful growth it has had! Why is it not spent? Why is it good for a thousand summers and autumns more? Because there is life in it, because that life is fed from the great sun. Not the wonderful expressions in flower and fruit are the reality, but the hidden, unexhausted and inexhaustible life out of which these pageants and harvests have come. And so the deepest reality lies not in our homes, our societies, our literature, our arts, our government, our history; it lies in the creative source of all these, in the living ideals that are within the human soul and which are fed from the heart of God. You see a handful of men and women devoted to the development of the colored race in our land. They carry in their prayers and thoughts the reality which shall yet replace the wretched actual that to-day seems so strong. You see a small number of devoted souls determined that slavery shall die; their determination, not the actual bondage of the slave, is the reality. You look in upon a prayer-meeting at Williams College; there and not in the degradation of heathen man is the everlasting reality. You watch a monk revolt from his works of penance, retreat upon God in Christ for the deliverance of his soul, and return in the thunder of power to proclaim that

man shall live not upon rite or priest or institution, but upon immediate communion with the Eternal; and you find in that monk's soul, in his imagination, the reality that has transformed the old world into the new. You go back to a tent-maker from Tarsus, and you see him turning away from the history of his people, turning to the unseen where his Master lived, and gathering from that realm the forces that enabled him to change the face of the world, and to leave upon the Roman empire marks deeper than were made by the whole succession of the Cæsars. There in the soul of that tent-maker is the divine reality. You behold a speaker upon the hillside, a sufferer upon the cross, a presence of light from beyond death, and there in the mind of Christ you recognize the whole sublime and final reality for mankind. Heaven and earth shall pass away, government after government, but the words of Christ, his living creative thought for man, shall abide, and out of it shall come a new heaven and a new earth.

In the presence of these facts we are justified in holding that the ideal nation is the real nation. We side with the dreams of the Pilgrims, with the visions of the founders of the nation, with the ideals of its greatest leaders, with the love of those who died for it, with the sorrow and hope of all those who have served it well, with the purpose of God in Christ in its behalf, and we claim that the America that is still unrealized is our true and everlasting country.

The third fact in the text to which I would wish to call attention are the two great characteristics of the Jerusalem which is above. It is free, and it includes all. It is the city of freedom and catholicity. In both respects it was in absolute contrast to the actual Jerusalem. That city was in bondage; it was the slave of innumerable prejudices and traditions, the victim above all of its own blind and evil heart. It was also the most fiercely exclusive of cities. Bigoted, intolerant, exclusive, and mad,—these were the characteristics which it presented in the presence of Paul's Christian dream of fellowship, of perfect freedom and complete catholicity.

How can we live if we do not see the same vision for this

country? We see the strife, the division, the organization of capital and labor into opposite camps, and surely we must pray for freedom from this sore and widespread bondage. We see the prevalence of ignorance of all sorts,—ignorance in personal conduct, ignorance of the true life of the home, ignorance of thrift, ignorance of the great moral necessities, personal, domestic, national, human, without obedience to which society cannot hold together; and again we must grieve over this oppression. We behold the existence of the multitude of our fellow-citizens confined mostly to a struggle for physical subsistence with the most distressing and wide-extending disregard of the whole upper side of life. We are a Pentecostal nation in the number and heterogeneous character of the people in our midst; we are a Pentecostal nation in the greatness of our sins and in the depth of our moral need, in our disregard of the ideal, in our contempt of Christ and our consequent unrest and trouble. Shall we not become a Pentecostal nation in regret and grief for our sins, in the glorious insight into the meaning of Christ for our time and need, in the new experience of salvation in his name? We cannot rest, as Christian citizens, until the profounder emancipation shall come, until the freedom which is our national boast shall mean freedom from internal division, from a soul-destroying materialism, from contempt of the ideal of Christian brotherhood. O, how the great word freedom is abused! Freedom is not the first, but the final attainment of men and nations. It can come only through the will that stands in happy surrender to the Christian intelligence. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Look into some room in our institutions for the insane and see some poor man sure that he is a millionaire, that he is a great poet, that he is the greatest force in the life of the country, and at once you grieve over the delusion. But that delusion is not any deeper nor is it half so debasing as the notion that the man is free who knows hardly anything of the moral order of his existence, and who ignores in conduct the little that he does know. That is the most fundamental and fatal of all delusions. The man who is

the victim of drink or lust or any vile habit we cannot pronounce free; nor the nation that disregards the moral ideal, that cares nothing for Christ, that soaks itself in the swamps of a godless materialism. For that man or that nation to boast of freedom is a delusion as deep as the sad pretensions of the insane. If the Son shall make you free, then shall ye be free indeed. The realization of freedom is through the realization of sonship. The America which is above is alone free.

Thank God it is also the mother of us all. General Grant used to say to the Confederates during the war, that it was for their interest to be beaten. The few political speeches that he ever made were to the same effect. He told his old friend and brave lieutenant-general, Hancock, and the great body of his fellow-citizens who supported him in the presidential campaign of 1880 that their true success was to be defeated. The speech was brief, but it was full of the great soldier's wisdom and magnanimity. He looked upon battles and he fought them with all his might; but he looked beyond them to the common good in which they issued. The financial struggle of the autumn of 1896 and the victory for honest money was a victory for all the people. The cause that won, the honor that was preserved, and the confidence that was renewed in us as a nation throughout the world belong to all the people. Through the form of victory in one case, through the form of defeat in another, the common good of all was secured. And if any high and enduring good has been done by the great arm of the nation during the last six months, it is an achievement for all our citizens, an achievement likewise, we are ready to believe, for the defeated people. The defeat of bad causes is the supreme hope of those who support them; the triumph of righteousness is never a partisan or sectional victory; it is a victory for humanity.

This leads us to look into the deepest struggle going on in our midst. There is the conflict between the Christian interpretation of the nation and the atheistic; between a spiritual view of our great fellowship in industry, in art, in science, in citizenship, in humanity, and a materialistic; between the

believer in the ideal and the scoffer at it; between those who include the supreme good of their country in the coming of the kingdom of God and those whose conception of welfare is a vulgar and vicious selfishness. This is the campaign that lies back of all others, this is the tremendous duel in which all the disciples of Christ are involved, this is the battle that divides the country into two great hostile camps. There are seekers after God and the essential good of the people; and there are the self-seekers, in the vulgar sense, and often in the vicious, and not infrequently in the criminal. The sides are taken and the fight is on. The advance of the cause of righteousness is the thing upon which good men have always set their hearts. All other victories have their value here. If they are real, if they are not imaginary, they are windows through which we can look and behold the fresh defeat given to the cause of inhumanity. If we can say with reference to our recent struggle that the America that is above is the mother of us all, surely we can claim in a profounder sense that the Jerusalem that we seek to establish over all holds for all men and all classes the one infinite good. Think of the depth and tenderness of Paul's figure. Motherhood is the name for the moral order in which we exist, for the spiritual fellowship to which we may rise, for the indwelling plan of God in our humanity and the energy of the Holy Spirit continually breaking in upon our being through that open way. Yes, we owe our existence as men, our capacity to co-operate one with another, our power to form brotherhoods in trade, in art, in all human enterprises and interests; we owe all the sweeter associations, all the deeper memories and the whole richness and tenderness of life to the motherhood of God's kingdom in Christ. The whole upper side of our homes, of our brotherhoods, of our citizenship, of our humanity, is the mighty birth of the Jerusalem which is above. And the loneliness of wicked men, their secret cry for another existence, their longing for the days that are gone when existence was pure, the sorrow of those who have lost faith and character and hope and who yet pine for an infinite good,—all these are but the surges of the

filial heart, the tidal return of instinct and feeling to the unutterable tenderness and love of the Divine Mother of us all.

For the expression of the contrast between the two Jerusalems which he saw Paul used a tremendous comparison. The first Hebrew had two sons, one by the bond-woman and one by the free. The actual Jerusalem with all her ignorance and shame is that dishonored slave bearing children into bondage. The ideal Jerusalem is the free woman bearing a son who is the divine promise of the ages. That is Paul's burning parallel from history. Nothing less terrible could at all serve the pressing and convulsive passion of his soul. Surely we see its application to our own national condition. There is an America that resembles that poor slave, an America that bears children into the worst oppressions, an America that would fill the land with ignorance, distrust, infinite greed, and utter anarchy; an America that would end a headlong and horrible career in self-destruction. That is the America against which we must fight not only on election day but upon all days, not only with our ballots but with our total Christianity. For there is another America that resembles the free woman, an America that gives the son of promise to mankind, an America that, united in herself, exulting in her august mission, inspired in the presence of her vast opportunity, and devoted to the highest good of all within her borders, creates a new epoch in human history and kindles a new hope for the world.

This is the meaning of the American Missionary Association. We claim for it a national significance. The whole power of the society stands out against the nation that is from beneath, that is in bondage and that bears children into bondage; it stands forth in behalf of the nation that is from above, that is free and that is the glorious mother of us all. The appeal of the society is not to the church as a sect, but to the church as a representative of all wise statesmanship and all noble patriotism. The society beholds before it two Americas; it sees the actual America and its sins and miseries and needs, and the ideal America in all its purity and majesty and power. It believes that the actual America is an illusion, the

falsehood, the invention of our weakness and our sin; and that the ideal America is the abiding reality, the everlasting truth, God's creation wrought in light and instinct with divine undying life. And that the one America may pass, and that the other America may more and more take its vacant place; that the nation of ignorance and incapacity, selfishness and crime, wickedness and godlessness may go and the nation founded in faith and in hope and in love may come, is the one great end of this society's existence, the object of its prayers and toils and sufferings and the ultimate ground upon which it makes its appeal for support to all good men and all true citizens.

OLD SOUTH PARSONAGE,
BOSTON, MASS.

UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER.

FROM the time when the human soul first opened its consciousness in speculative wonder at the magnitude and beauty of the universe, one motive has triumphed above all others in the upward course of life. The soul has sought freedom, fulness of expression, self-mastery. Other motives have held superficial precedence, and man has been far from acquaintance with the deep significance of life. But consciously or unconsciously, the desire for freedom has been the chief incentive to action, the true meaning of our struggles, the ideal toward which all moral and spiritual evolution has really been tending. For souls are not born free and equal; they are born with a desire for freedom and equality, a desire which each soul must realize in its own way, through personal mistakes and experiences, hampered by the difficulties and inequalities which its undeveloped condition attracts. At any stage of its progress the soul is as near freedom, as nearly on a basis of equality with its fellows, as its

general state of being, its degree of understanding, permits. The physical birth and external circumstances may be favorable, teachers of all types may come forward to give the soul instruction. But permanent progress results only to the degree that the soul understands itself, and consciously takes each step toward the goal of freedom. No one can control or force the soul's growth. No step in evolution can be omitted. Every experience may tend further to enslave or to make for freedom, according to the insight and attitude of the one whose experience it is. Life is, in fact, either a burden or a blessing, a mystery or a self-explained revelation; each of its details furnishes ground for complaint or means of unfoldment, according to the degree of insight into this great law,—the desire and search for soul-freedom.

This much being premised as the principle which universally obtains in human development, the problems of progress are reduced to this, How far has the soul advanced in the endeavor to obtain and understand freedom? How far am I still enslaved? What may I do, in order to advance yet further toward the goal of rounded, wise, beautiful self-expression?

The discovery of the level attained, the degree of present servitude or freedom, necessarily implies a certain amount of self-analysis, the process of coming to judgment. But this need not be wholly of the introspective sort. Contact with other minds, occasional attendance at some other church, the reading of books of various types, may arouse this self-revelation. Conservatism tries to outwit this process by cutting off all avenues of escape into a broader realm. The Englishman, for example, finds himself haunted at every continental summer resort by the English chapel, and he must needs attend. But hope for his soul lies in the possibility that a few weeks may elapse when he shall not hear expositions of the established religion, but enrich his life with unconventional thought. It is easy to be content, to remain at a standstill or become a slave to habit when one is not called out of the usual lines of thought and work. Yet growth comes with a

vacation, with innovation, when one ventures outside prescribed limits, dares to think on unwonted themes. No occupation is so worthy, no tie so sacred, that one should not disengage one's self from it for a season, either to return with new life and greater freedom or not at all. For nothing is so important as progress, as long as progress is gradual, evolutionary, thoughtful; and any experience makes for progress which gives us a distant view of ourselves, which stimulates individual thought.

Endlessly on the alert, therefore, must be the man who would escape from the creeds, dogmas, customs, habits, authorities, and popes which tend to enslave us, still more persistently awake to the conditions within which make servitude possible. That one may become free, it is well again and again to question every belief, every relation in life, asking if it be still worthy of acceptance, seeking new grounds of conviction, and returning to established lines of thought and action only because one is sure that they are still useful and wise. For the soul must be the master,—circumstance, at the utmost, only its helpmeet. I must not be bound by anything,—except the moral law and the duties it imposes,—least of all by beliefs, customs, habits, which, rightly understood, should be means to the great end, freedom, and never masters of the soul. Every man should therefore see to it that each day witnesses some victory over self, for selfishness is the root of all slavery, it is the subordination of the soul. Not until I shall have understood, conquered, and transmuted that, may I hope for full freedom in any direction of life, not until then shall I be truly a man. For the soul, as I am using the term in this paper, is an individuation of God, potentially able to understand, reveal, and be beautified by the goodness, the beauty and love of the universe. And the price of the freedom of which I am speaking is entire mastery over passion, ignorance, and misery, through the cultivation of our higher nature, through self-knowledge and altruism; it is individual harmony, not absorption, with God.

The first need, therefore, after the discovery that we are

enslaved, is the belief that we are of worth to the universe, the ideal of the gradual attainment of freedom through the strengthening of individuality, the possibility of entire relief from the suffering which slavery involves. Real freedom begins with the day on which one promotes individual thinking to the first rank. Never mind if your thinking be crude and fragmentary at the outset. Do not hesitate because your mind is untrained and you cannot concentrate. Make a beginning, train it by use, ask yourself persistently, Why am I here? What is my individual meaning? What does freedom imply? Search through your mind as if in pursuit of the way out of a labyrinth. Plunge forward through the mists that shut in upon you. Press on and find the way experimentally. For you are free in so far as you have freed the powers of thought, the powers of acting and loving *from your own point of view*, and the thread which shall lead you out of the labyrinth of ignorance you alone can find. Creeds, dogmas, rules, teachers, books, friends are secondary to the particular use the soul may make of their wisdom. Everything coming into your life that is to help you must be given an individual turn. If it turns you it masters you. If your thought is the guide, you are thus far free.

Yet freedom is only a word of degrees. Your new thought shall as quickly enslave as the old, unless you are constantly on your guard. Since man is by nature a creature of habits, he must avert a danger which threatens even the tendency toward progress itself. The machinery of progress should be as new as the energy which operates it. One should be more eager to keep out of ruts than to arrive at settled convictions. The only permanent conviction should be the belief that one must have no fixedly established conviction. One ought never to care so much for the intellectual conclusion of to-day as for the broader view which to-morrow's insight may reveal. Do not exchange your orthodox dogmatism for the dogmatism of liberal thought. Be not dogmatic at all. Do not give up one authority only to bow in subjection to another. Acknowledge only the authority of your own highest

insight *at the time*, and when another time arises let your thought reveal a corresponding progress. If your insight bids you follow the doctrine or advice of another, let it not be because of the greater strength of the other's mind, but because you have reflected upon the subject long enough so that your wisdom discovers the rationality of his. Do not be coerced by another's intellect, own no allegiance to emotional pressure or influence. But respect individuality, both in yourself and in all others, and let your activity ever reveal a forward movement.

The guiding principle should be the Oriental doctrine of non-attachment. For all who are awake and ready to move with it, life is a progressive revelation, a perpetual flux. The moment you accept a belief, become the owner of property, or accept partnership of any kind, you have sold your liberty in some degree, unless perchance you are wise enough to possess, to enjoy or co-operate without being bound.

Do you mean that all questions are to remain open, all problems held in solution? Yes, precisely this, even the belief in the goodness of things, belief in God's presence, the idea that there is a God, that there is any existence at all. Be continually in search of new evidence, always growing, ever hoisting anchor and casting it afresh. If you must be a specialist, approach your specialty each year from a fresh point of view. When questions arise for solution, instead of settling them in accordance with some conventional standard, question the standard itself. For, let me repeat, the wisdom of the occasion is worth more than the wisdom of the past, which it may assimilate. Every time one is called upon to act thoughtfully is none too often to re-examine the fundamental principles of conduct. "The things we now esteem fixed," says Emerson, "shall one by one detach themselves like ripe fruit from our experience, and fall. . . . The soul looketh steadily forward, creating a world before her, leaving worlds behind her."

Is this independence of established teaching to apply even to affairs of conscience? Certainly, for no man possesses ab-

solute truth, no two consciences precisely agree, no one is infallible. All philosophy is hypothetical. All our decisions are tentative. We are participants in a progressive experience. We are experimenters, empiricists, trying hypotheses, waiting for evidence. Do not expect consistency from us. What we say to-day expresses the enlightenment of to-day. To-morrow it may be either supplemented or contradicted. Our books are outgrown before they are published. No progressive lecturer can deliver precisely the same course of lectures a second time.

This perpetual flux, by co-operation with which one attains freedom, is illustrated by our passing states of consciousness. Psychologically we are never in the presence of the same state twice. Even before one can grasp an idea the presentation is gone, and may be thought about only by recalling and reconstructing it. One thinks again and again of the same person, but never twice alike, for the mind has moved forward, the cerebral conditions have altered; and one looks forth as upon a moving picture, changing while one contemplates. The biograph of consciousness is the most complicated type of that flux which maintains all the universe in motion. It never pauses. Its course can never be stemmed. But onward, forward, forever, it presses forth to a limitless future, the bearer of uncounted messages from the outside world, a cause of wonder to the spectator within.

Yet because of this unending flow of life and consciousness, the mind continually asks the great question of the philosophic Greeks of old: What is permanent? If all is perpetual flux shall anything abide? From the point of view of our present discussion we may reply, Unless somewhat of moral and spiritual worth abides, it is useless to seek to be free. Through all that flows and passes, one element of life and consciousness persistently makes its presence known,—the soul moving toward freedom, the triumph of that part of us to which all else should be subservient, without which the great universe of God would be a disappointment indeed. It is not therefore the flux that is important, not the creeds, or

ganizations, authorities, relationships, which come and pass, but the soul, in whose advancement toward freedom this flux may be made an end. Let this great fact be thoroughly understood, and henceforth circumstance shall assume its due place, while freedom shall be esteemed of more value than even the great sum-total of pleasures, ideas, and things which pass.

But how is this ideal of the soul's progress and the secondary importance of passing events to be applied to the present problems of society? First of all by recognition of the state of development, the degree of progress people have attained in the search for freedom, applying to society the same principle one adopts in the discovery of one's own bondage. All about us, day by day, we see those who have sold themselves to certain issues, to hobbies, political parties, religious creeds and dogmas. We comment upon the capitalist, the silverite, the socialist, the politician as though he were a slave and we alone were free. But each man who has the courage to associate his name with an issue has a lesson to teach. Therefore be tolerant. If you disapprove, *do everything in your power to make the world an intellectual arena*. Encourage those who think differently to come forth from their subjective shells and advocate their views. If you disbelieve an hypothesis, urge it for all it is worth, that the world may learn its fallacy. Accord to every man the fullest freedom of utterance, and you need not tremble for the truth; that will preserve itself. Remember that the majority of people still prefer partisanship to universal truth, intellectual slavery and selfishness to spiritual freedom and brotherhood. Educate them to appreciate the higher ideal. When you are tempted to condemn a man for selfishness, ask yourself if you are free, consider whether or not you have your little scheme to advocate, a plan which if successful may put money in your purse, and judge not, but help by the power of example.

Yet a man may be a partisan without surrendering himself to the party he chooses; he may advocate certain theories with all the enthusiasm of one who believes his particular doctrine

absolutely true. But let him do it because he believes these partisan ideas necessary to society, because they help maintain the balance and stimulate the progress of thought. First make sure that you are larger than your theory, that you value freedom of soul more than personal aggrandizement, then throw yourself into your chosen work with all the power at your command. For no possession is so valuable, no remuneration is so great, no political power so high, that it is worth attaining if to win it you must sell your soul. Ideas, experiences which shall free the higher nature, are incomparably greater in value than things, than material power. But place ideas first, give due importance to opportunities for character building, and you may possess what you choose, always remembering that the good which materiality may bring you is secondary to that which touches the soul. A man is truly wealthy to the degree that he is spiritually free; his silver or gold may be the heaviest bond, if he value it more highly than the possessions of the spiritual life.

If I chance to visit a financier who thinks I have come to urge the investment or loan of his money, I find him drawn into self, conservative and cold; whereas, upon other occasions, he is outgoing and warm. That man is hurting himself far more than by at once handing me a thousand dollars. Generosity is the heir to freedom, and the universe never deserts the man who is ready to give of himself. It is ever the spirit, the motive, that ennobles; its particular expression is often matter of insignificance. No experience is to be scorned that makes for character, and before I try to rid myself of external conditions I would better make sure that they have taught their fullest lesson. The law is registered eternally in heaven that wherever I go I am equally enslaved or free, according to the attitude of the spirit within, and no prison can hold an enlightened soul, no desert isle can grant freedom to him who is in bondage to self. Heaven and hell are purchased by as exact a price as any article the market affords. You may interfere with the fall of an apple, but you cannot

hinder the gravitation which takes me to my own, which brings my own to me.

The highest price of freedom, therefore, the price which outbids all competitors, is the calm, confident, silent prayer of the man who understands. I need not labor to rid myself of a fear whose absurdity I have mastered, nor need I push a man away from me when I have discovered how he coerced and tricked me. Fear is always the child of ignorance, pressure the tool of the short-sighted. Sooner or later the world will reward me according as my deeds have merited. I have but to work on and wait. Every desire is a prayer, every aspiration a step toward that to which one aspires. We build or destroy our ideals by each thought, by every hope or fear, by every effort or retreat. Each moment we waste energy, or direct it to advantage, and the economy of life is to learn the calm, confident method of conduct of the man who is wise, moderate, unselfish. For selfishness is waste of force, altruism is its wisest concentration. The universe is the field of choice of the one or the other, granting to each with perfect justice, with equal readiness, the fruits of our particular selection. Our trouble is forever of our own making, our slavery personally (though unconsciously) sought. For him who is enlightened the choice of selfishness is a sin, it is spiritual imprisonment.

Is there reason to hope that the great world will some time be free? Assuredly, since the law is thus exact. Hope lies in education, with those who are learning to think. If, therefore, you would liberate society aim first of all at this. Do not advocate special issues so much as any investigation, any book or teaching which shall aid man to think. If you really love humanity and truth, you would rather quicken your opponent's intellect than have him accept your views. Play the part of Socrates, and ask those questions which shall call out his best arguments. When he offers an hypothesis whose inadequacy is transparent to you, do not ridicule it, but put him on the track of more fundamental ideas. Push him to the utmost, without discouraging, without assuming to know

more than he. Is there any greater service one intellect can render another than this suggestive questioning, the taking of another tack, the stimulation of individual thinking?

By the same method, by recognition of the fact that truth is large enough to need all possible points of view, one may help one's fellow men to steer clear of narrowness of thought, at the same time saving one's self from servitude to partial philosophies, or systems of truth. Here is a man, for example, who comes to America from the far East as an exponent of a system of theology or philosophy. If I hold this grand ideal of truth, remembering the necessity of keeping "aloof from all moorings and afloat," what attitude do I take towards him? I reason thus: The entire universe is a revelation of God, and since it is infinitely varied, probably each of its aspects is the messenger of a special revelation, and has a particular lesson to teach. Our earth is but one among many possible planets where human beings live and think. What truths other worlds may reveal future experience alone can show. How these other revelations may affect what we now call truth this same future experience must reveal. For the present, therefore, I will accept all revelation tentatively, as at best only fragmentary, subject to modification, and probably not infallible. On this earth each nation has expressed its particular genius in terms of its own, terms which no thinker has yet fully reconciled with all other national revelations. At the utmost this particular philosopher can probably speak for only one nation, and I shall have no positive evidence that he is its true representative until I listen to other exponents of the same faith. I have reason, therefore, to expect only a temperamental phase of national truth. To this I will give unprejudiced, receptive attention, that I may learn the phase of truth especially illumined by his spirit and intellect. I will not listen as if he alone spoke truth, but knowing that at some point he must fail, that I must be as alive to his error as to his truth. Then I will compare his doctrine with the precepts of others, urging my fellow men to do the same. I will not be suspicious, nor so

critical that I shall miss his revelation. But I will remain free, I will not sell myself to be his disciple. In this spirit every teacher I meet shall give to me out of the store of his wisdom, and I shall lay the foundations of broadly universal philosophy.

Likewise in the Christian church, I am to recognize that as there are numberless sects, all claiming to know the truth, the utmost I can expect is a phase of truth from each. *No religion is wholly true that is in any degree sectarian.* The strength and beauty as well as the weakness and defect of its special teaching are to be found in its sectarian limitations. Let those who will, follow it as the spiritual warrior follows the salvation army. Their work probably lies there, and it is not for me to be intolerant. But my own thought is turned elsewhere, and my partisanship is for universal truth, for spiritual freedom. Once free from bondage to organization, creed and person, I cannot in the strict sense be a follower. I may and ought to be one in spirit with every religious zealot I meet, with every reformer, every man of science, with all philosophers. I may thus be a Vedantist, a Parsee, a Jain, a Christian, but more than these. I may be as fully interested in the therapeutic power of thought as a mental healer, yet avoid being a member of the New Thought sect. I am still an American, an Englishman or German, as the case may be, because of my duties to my fatherland, but only in so far as I may lend my influence to make Germany, England, or America a part of the brotherhood of the world, only because I believe in the solidarity of the race. I continue to dwell in one town or city, that I may enjoy the advantages of home, but every year I must travel to distant cities or countries, that I may outgrow local limitations. In short, I should try to become a better citizen, a closer friend, a truer patriot, more deeply religious and more broadly philosophical, while endeavoring to be each year more universal, in a higher sense a citizen of the world, a lover of all truth, the brother of all men.

That such a man would encounter opposition, and be

greatly misunderstood, is evident from the outset. For, in their ignorance of the fuller opportunities, the greater wisdom and happiness of freedom, the majority still prefer bondage. The chronic invalid misses his pain when he is cured, and even uncleanness possesses a charm for some people. But let a man once know freedom, and he will never again be content with bondage. It is all a question of lower and higher standards. Therefore, to help a man in his advance toward freedom, you must first put before him the ideal; he must first *desire* freedom. And you should not begin by undervaluing his standards. Every standard has had its place in the world's every system of government, every religion. Gently, wisely point out the higher way, that which seems to you the forward step in evolution. Urge him to experiment, to try hypotheses. All thinking is an experiment, all governments are tentative, all society a movement toward that condition in which all men shall be free. Yet the ideal shall be realized only when all experiments have been intellectually or practically tried, when all men shall be enlightened. Apply your energy where people are thinking and acting to-day. Concern yourself with the immediate experiment, and leave to unbalanced visionaries the advocacy of schemes which claim to do away with evolution. True freedom can only be purchased on the instalment plan. In its evolution there are no unbridged chasms; the free man never makes a leap. Therefore its wise exponent proceeds by moderation and strategy to encourage people to think.

"We possess as much freedom now as we will ever know," said a recent exponent of a current system of thought. Then evolution has no meaning; it is futile to think and hope, and woe be to the pauper, the invalid, and the sinner. Woe to all who aspire after the spiritual life! Pessimism is true after all. Fate is really our god. And onward to ceaseless toil of dreariest repetition we go, burdened with illusory ideals, with monotonous sorrow and pain.

On the other hand, in the glad universe of evolution, Nature voices boundless hope. With every oncoming cycle,

with every experience that leads us to think, with every pulse-beat of the prayerful heart, we achieve liberty, we move forward a step in the long gradation of an ever-broadening life. For, as ignorance is slavery, and knowledge freedom, man is sure to be freer as long as he thinks, even though life should present no real advancement, but only that perpetual play of change which continually provokes thought. We may not even assert that we are potentially as free as we are ever to be, since new potentialities may come with greater freedom of thought, fuller liberty of action. Nor is it true that the soul is eternally free, because freedom comes only with full soul expression, with knowledge and, therefore, power over the conditions that bind it, through evolution. And who shall at this early stage in the search for liberty fully define freedom or the soul? Only he who has escaped knows what a slave he was. He only who views himself at a distance shall truly understand. Freedom, itself a progressive quantity, may be comprehended only through a progressive experience, and the soul shall be fully defined only when it is fully master. Always, then, we return to the conclusion that life is progressive, that power over it must come through personal effort at self-control, through self-understanding.

In coming issues of *THE ARENA* I shall try to point out the fuller implications of the philosophy of progressive or evolutionary freedom. I wish, in closing the present discussion, to indicate a few methods by which one may take advantage of the perpetual flux of life, and win freedom by freeing the powers of thought.

(1) Be on the lookout for the lines of least resistance. When Nature seeks expression for certain ideas she chooses the man who can word her thought most easily, he who is freest or most enlightened in that direction. So in all endeavor there is a line of freest activity, a way whereby we may let ourselves out in expression, a point of approach to other minds. If, therefore, you discern a common bond of sympathy or thought, you shall carry your point far more readily if you appeal to that and avoid all negative thought

or refutative argument tending to call out opposition. If you feel a certain need, you may attract what you desire quickest by uttering the prayer for that which is in line with your development. That will come speedily toward you, all else will come only by severe effort. And the line of least resistance *par excellence*, in all the universe, is the line of thoughtfulness, moderate consideration, that endeavor which leaves your spirit freest, nearest to conscientious repose, most altruistic, most universal. First deliberate, then act. Discover how events are tending, then move with them, *where your soul approves*. Thus shall every thought be effectual. Thus shall every movement tell.

(2) Concentrate attention and effort upon the line of work which the universe gives you to do; that is, the individual work for which you are best fitted, the phase of truth for which your life stands, in relation to the universal ideal above defined. There are circumstances in your life by which you now feel bound, conditions at which you rebel. Seek the causes of these circumstances in your own nature. Think yourself free from them. Then formulate your experience, that others may profit by it and master their problems. Have confidence to believe that you have such a message for the world, that in preparing to express, and by delivering it, you will not only win freedom, but aid others in intellectual and spiritual evolution.

(3) Provide a constantly progressive outlet for your activities. If you feel hampered by your social environment or occupation, send out a prayer for friends and opportunities which shall offer fuller scope, freer play to your mind and heart. When the conscience does not approve, when you discover that you are leading a degrading or sensuous life, do not apply your energy directly to this misspent power. Seek a higher interest, gradually turn your thought elsewhere. One's force seeks a physical outlet when the intellect is inactive. Therefore quicken the intellect, and the physical force will retreat. The physical man, like every other human being, is really seeking to free his soul. The soul is pressing

from within for self-expression, and activity is aroused where the thought is focused. Regard life from this high point of view, and you will be led to seek those centres of interest which are most in accord with the spiritual nature.

(4) Take advantage of that most faithful servant, the sub-conscious mind. Entrust to it ideas which you desire to make your own. Impress ideals upon it, and make suggestions tending to improve your general mental life, to invite freedom, to attract ripening thought. Let it solve your problems during rest and sleep. Teach it to govern your sleep, and so far as possible turn your life in paths of peace by cultivating conscious serenity, equanimity, poise. And do not permit its habits to be fixed so that you cannot readily reform them.

(5) Apply the remedy of understanding to all ailments in life, physical as well as mental or spiritual. Penetrate beyond the effect to the real cause, and, as far as possible, depend upon self-help. Try to solve the problems of philosophy, to arrive at your own conclusions, to master the obscure points of the books you read, and occasionally to master a book so well that you could write a better treatise yourself. Ask how and why it is that some people have such power over you, while others you can hardly endure. Look back of the tendencies of the present for their historical causes and precedents, and take a broad view of their meaning. If you detect yourself in the act of becoming absorbed in another's teaching, propose other hypotheses and keep the discussion alive. Analyze your own temperament sufficiently to learn why certain experiences always bring unhappiness. In a word, cultivate the habit of thinking about things in the light of their origin.

(6) Let the deepest purpose of your life be the unceasing endeavor to seize moral and spiritual opportunities. In that secret inner world where the soul alone knows its burdens and its sorrows, the conscience sets its seal upon certain deeds as right, others as wrong, and, neglect it as one may, one cannot ignore its decisions. When questions come before it for debate apply the criteria above suggested. Am I enslaving

my soul? Does this make for progress, for the freedom of society and the universal ideal? Or am I as small and mean as my neighbor whom I condemn? By accepting this proposal shall I intrude upon my brother's rights? Will that project be granting the liberty of individuality to my wife, my sister, my mother? If not, I cannot afford to do it, for it will injure others, it will retard my own development. Thus is the inner consciousness the arbiter of that which tends toward slavery or freedom. And when you are in doubt think longer, try an intellectual experiment, asking whether this course or that best accords with your higher self.

(7) One might summarize the entire process by dividing our states of consciousness or sentiments into those that close or open the soul, those that tighten, and those that expand. I have spoken of the capitalist who draws in when he is approached by one who may demand money. The exclusive, selfish attitude is a more marked type. Sentiments of the opposite type are best illustrated by joy, the spontaneous life of one whose heart goes forth in sympathy, in optimistic helpfulness. The responsively sensitive soul observes itself withdrawing into self or generously sharing with its fellow. That of which such a person is acutely conscious comes in some form to every human soul. Every instant each of us turns the one way or the other, for the attention never rests. You may make of conduct an art so fine that every moment will instruct you and make for freedom. Everything depends upon the motive, the degree of self-control, the insight.

Finer and keener grows the mind of the one who, taking this supreme opportunity of life, applies to these problems the analysis of his penetrative thought. In these days of liberty of thought, and in this free land where man is largely unhampered, limitless possibilities are opening before the progressive mind. There is much theological servitude still to be overcome. The subtleties of the conservative and the deceptions of the unbalanced can be discovered only through critically watchful thought. But dogma is already doomed, ritualism must soon follow, and if for a time the sanctities of

religion are neglected, out of the extreme reaction which usually follows the glad escape from orthodoxy shall come first the intimations, then the strong ideals of a more richly spiritual thought. It is natural that those who have found freedom should be irreverent for a time. Every man who discards one belief for another is likely to throw something valuable away. But do not obstruct the course of those who are escaping. Let them think. Nothing good will be lost, neither truth nor religion will suffer. And in due season we shall see the old added to the new. Freedom shall come with their union, and every advance shall lay the foundations of a yet richer transition to follow.

BOSTON.

THE DEATH OF BRUNO.

BY SHALER G. HILLYER.

Come, go with me to-day, and I will show
Thee that will stir thy blood. 'Tis to a field
Near Rome. The city's populace is there
Already. Rich apparelled and the poor
Each other jostle in their haste to reach
Some favoring point of view. We'll nearer press
Unto yon spot round which the crowd's array
Is densest drawn.

Within an open space
An iron stake is set, to which is bound—
Dost see?—a gray-haired man. Perhaps his hair
Is white through suffering, for they say that he
Hath lain within a dungeon cell these seven
Last years. Upon his face—a pleasant face
It is—there is that restful calm that we
Might look to see upon the face of him
Who having passed through deep strange waters knows,
At length, the deepest are behind. About
Him piled are fagots ready for the torch.

And now, with iron cord, two soldiers bind
His arms behind him, and about the stake.
See how his thin lips quiver as the cord
Doth press into his flesh. A priest stands by,
Perchance directs, for straightway on his nod
Again that wrench of the remorseless cord,
And o'er the bound man's face the writing swift
Of pain.

You ask what heinous crime this man
Thus expiates? Bring close thine ear; such things
Are safer talked of in less open place.
This man is Bruno, the great heretic.
He doth affirm, they say, much that the Church,
Relying on its sacred books, denies;
Such facts as that the world revolves. But more,
Far more than the mere facts of physics is
Involved; his teaching, it is charged, leads men
To lean less on the priest and sacred books,
And more upon themselves; to search for Truth
Where'er it may be found, though in the search
Some idol be cast down, some legend old
Dissolved, or even august Authority,
Till now too sacred for man's hand or eye,
Be thrust from out the way. And so it leads
Men to discount the marvellous, all that
With Reason ill agrees, or doth oppose
The evidence of Sense. His crime is then,
That he would give soul-liberty to men;
And thus, by freeing men, he strikes a blow
At priestly rule.—But see, there is a pause.

Brother, all hail!
From land and river and sea
All men are looking to thee,
All men who hope to be free.

Brother, all hail!
From sky and land and main
Cometh ever this refrain:
The Good among men must give
Their lives that the rest may live.

Brother, all hail !

From the Past there are voices that speak ;
The voice of the God-taught Greek,
The voice of the loving Jew,—
They were slain by the caste that slays you.

Didst hear a voice? Methought it came—but hark !
The priest now speaks, now Bruno makes reply :

“ Abjure, thou say’st, and straight these fagots grim
Shall be removed, and so relief will come
To this weak flesh that shrinks at touch of them?
Recant, tell all my friends (few now they seem),
Tell all the world, this groping world, so much
In need of light, that what I’ve taught as true
Is most absurdly false? Abjure?—For the
Mere right to live, to feed this begging flesh,
You ask me to exchange a heritage
With which the life you offer is as nothing in
Compare; a birthright greater far than that
Of mightiest prince—the common privilege
To be True Man. Ah, Priest, you ask too much.
Though life is sweet it cannot purchase one
Of the fair visions which have blessed my sight—
Though it was blinded by your dungeon walls—
Of man redeemed; of that New Day when he,
Freed from the tyrannies of king and priest,—
Since time began twin tyrants to oppress,—
From slavish fears, from superstition’s thrall;
Freed from the net Priestcraft hath cast o’er him,
From the confusing legends which Priestcraft,
To serve its ends, hath stamped as true; freed from
The ignorance and bigotry in which
Priestcraft doth ever seek to hold him, shall
Go forward, with no guide save Reason, with
No light save that from his freed mind. And thus,
By striving, he shall bring all nature to
Subserve his use; the long-hid secrets of
The universe explore; the mysteries
Of life search out. And as he still doth grow
In Knowledge, will he grow in Freedom and

In moral Good. Olympus has been passed.
Before me rises Sinai's ancient mount,
But now no thunder clouds inveil its top;
And now not one lone Moses but a host
Doth press unto its glowing summit to
Receive, each for himself, the tablets which
Instruct.

"Oh, priest, when that New Day shall dawn,
Your gibberish will no more deceive. In view
Of it your malice cannot harm. Unto
Me do as those your brethren did to him,
The gentlest and the truest among men,
In old Judea. He died to break thy power,
To save men from the dwarfing of thy hand,
And I now give unto this selfsame end
My life."

While yet he spake, the torch has been
Applied unto the waiting fagots at
His feet; and now, even as we gaze, the flames
Do flare and crackle 'mong the resinous sticks,
And growing yet more fierce their eager tongues
Are lapped about his limbs and leaping to
His girdle. See, he looks around if he,
Perchance, may find one friendly face in all
This throng. How hopeless fall his eyes! Ah, if
I dared to nearer draw and speak to him
A friendly word! Nay, let us look no more
Upon his anguished face, lest it do stir
Our hearts against those pious men, the priests.
But hark! dost hear that cry—"Now let the vile
Dog's beard be made"?—thus mocking him,
As the same spirit mocked in old Judea.
But see, the priest now signals, and, straightway,
A soldier brings upon a rod a piece
Of burning furze, which he will hold unto
The man's white face till it is one charred mass.
Come, let us go; you could not bear to see
That face that looked so kindly on his foes
Thus marred. I hear you sigh, and it is well;

But when that sigh is echoed round the world
Then Bruno's prophecy will be fulfilled.

The flames, like hungry vultures, feed upon
His flesh, but the Promethean fire he gave
To men shall live, and brighter glow with time.
Come on; this way—Ah, hist, that voice again.

Brother, well done !
By the words that thou hast spoken,
By the life thou giv'st as token,
The chain of the Priest is broken.

Brother, well done !
The laurel shall garland thy pages,
Thy name be enrolled among sages,
And a pæan be thine from the ages.

Brother, well done !
With the Greek and the Jew thou hast won ;
With them into night thou hast gone—
But man's face is set to the dawn.

SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS AND THE CIVIC SENSE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

YOUNG in years as it may be, the social settlement is so familiar a name that it seems to carry age as well as the energy of youth. The idea has steadily gained ground, until now not only the larger cities but the larger towns also feel the impulse and are organizing in little groups for the activities pointed out by experience as the most essential. Yet it was as late as 1885 that Toynbee Hall set the key with Canon Barnett as its head worker and founder. This first settlement was named in memory of the chivalric young Arnold Toynbee, whose search for the Holy Grail carried him all too soon into that country from whence the thought had come. Toynbee Hall was and is simply a group of university men living in the poorer quarter of London, "for the sake of influencing the people there toward better local government and a wider social and intellectual life." The thought quickly transferred itself to America, the first New York settlement being one of men only, soon companioned by one on a neighboring street made up of collegiate alumnae from various colleges for women. These, however, remained obscure and comparatively unknown until Hull House, Chicago, focused methods and furnished an object lesson to all who work in these lines.

It is no part of my present intention to describe individual settlements. My sole concern is with the movement as a whole; its rise, its effects, and its present place side by side with that other movement known as municipal reform, in the course of which is developed the civic sense.

We may well note here the rise and progress of this word "sense" toward a definition hitherto confined to the abstruser philosophies and to the mystics, beginning with the very

ancient demonstration of Heraclitus as to his own faith in these matters. It is well for us that such faith is taking shape for all who think and dream of the new life fast formulating its creed and doctrine, one of our chief scientists, long regarded as materialist,* having entitled a recent volume "The Psychic Factors of Civilization." It is clear then to all of us that there are other senses, the spiritual correspondences, as Swedenborg might say, of our bodily ones, all akin, each dependent on the other, and in the perfected body and soul of man, working toward that expression which makes on one side the sense of humanity, on the other the sense of God. Disjoined as Church and State have made them appear, these two senses are really one. As for our physical senses, we are reverting to the Berkeleyan theory and know that these impressions we count as bodily and of matter organized into body are of the interior spirit, the brain the sensitive plate and the soul the only medium of communication its possessor may ever know. The vibratory theory, the number of vibrations of ether determining the order of sensation reporting itself to the brain, finds its correspondence also in the spiritual realm. In fact, each step of modern science, each marvellous development of hitherto unknown, undreamed-of forces, proves to us day by day that there is but one world and that the spiritual one. At the heart of every question we have called "practical" lies the spiritual substance, the ethical core, the nucleus, from which only genuine life can come. The work that ignores this, that is ignorant of the law old as eternity, yet new to the working thought of men, has no further place in any scheme of human life. The Roentgen ray and all its mysterious suggestions, the extraordinary work of Dr. Elmer Gates in reducing emotions and mental states to chemical analysis, and defining the possibilities of brain building,—what are these but demonstrations that spirit is the only real substance, and that only as the spiritual quality of all material form is recognized, does man come into any real apprehension of the work to be done in the world?

* Professor Lester F. Ward of Washington, D. C.

That it is only in this generation and within a decade that we are recognizing with any fulness what this new sense of humanity is, is a fact that need not seriously trouble us. England had and has the advantage of a long laying of foundations by men like Maurice and Kingsley, whose natural successor, Arnold Toynbee, labored in the lines laid down by a preceding generation. The invention of machinery had meant to Englishmen the first real formulation of a social question, but the mass of men recognized no change, and scouted Lord Shaftesbury with his passion of determination against child labor, as they scouted other men of like mind and purpose. England—an old country, the home of immemorial injustices, abuses, absurdities in law and custom—might well perplex itself over model tenements and social settlements and the general struggle to better the evil the centuries had wrought and sanctioned. But America—we had heard it declared till our repetition of the statement had become automatic—America had no social problems. Founded on the principle of giving every one a chance, the change first to scarcity and then to practical abolition of a chance had come about unnoted.

Slavery, recognized finally as a national sin and disgrace and once abolished, was held to have cleared away all obstruction to further progress, and I have heard old Abolitionists after the Emancipation Proclamation mourning that no vital question remained for their consideration. That Wendell Phillips saw and pointed out that another question, still unrecognized, waited solution, and that the next settlement must be of the relations of capital and labor, made no impression upon them. In church by the minister, in state by the politician, we were assured that all was well,—could not be better,—and that the fault-finder should have no hearing in face of the prosperity, the comfort, the general well-being of the individual members summed up in the word American citizens.

Thus far we have only a background for the consideration to follow, but one which we must comprehend. The negative pole of the battery has had its necessary place. "In order to

know the perfect social life, to understand what power and happiness to mankind are involved in their relation to each other, we have to learn the misery and suffering which come from mere individualism and greed." This we are doing.

We are well through with former obtuseness. The danger now is of passing to the other extreme and in perpetual alleviation losing sight of general justice and the law of evolution; and to avoid this danger organization is recognized as the first need.

The Social Settlement and Municipal Reform are, in the nature of things, inseparable, although the members of the first settlements had small conception how far their thought was to travel. To enter a ward for the purpose, as defined in the "Hull House Papers," of "influencing the people there toward better local government and a wider social and intellectual life," means the work of men and women together, since it is the interests of men and women together that are to be considered. Women alone in most of our States having no personal relation to the law which makes the voter, save an indirect one, have comparatively little power to influence a neighborhood in these lines. Their work, as, for instance, in the New York College Settlement of women, lies chiefly with the mothers and children and the household and educational problems of the poor.

At this point we face again the sharp division of thought which sets men and women apart and devitalizes all the machinery of work among working men and women. In Mothers' Clubs, Working Girls' Clubs, and the like, even at their best, the woman is held to what is counted her "proper sphere," this meaning actually a series of limitations developing still farther that lack of real companionship, that comradeship which makes the only enduring relation between the sexes. It is the lack of this that sends men to the saloon and leaves women to the grind of daily petty tasks, hopelessly belittling and degrading if done without this enlargement of spiritual insight that lifts the poorest life into the upper air and sunlight. This work, which sums up as chiefly one of

alleviation and brightening, is still to be done; its scope even at some points to be enlarged. But the thoughtful worker in this field faces at once problems with which neither the dweller in the slums nor the most ardent member of a social settlement has the faintest power to immediately alter. The tenement-house system, the sweating system, political and municipal bedevilment of every ward by the unscrupulous self-seeker in both political parties, education as affected by this last fact,—these are the larger aspects. Naturally involved with them is found at once the saloon question, this again an integral portion of the political system; the food question, in itself, in the almost hopeless ignorance and stupidity of its handling, a prime factor in driving men to the saloon; and we have at once a series of problems demanding a wisdom, an insight before which average humanity may well shrink back in dismay.

In England more men than women have taken up the settlement idea, naturally, since co-education is still practically unrecognized by English people, and there are not only comparatively few college women, but few of them who have turned their attention in this direction. The Fabian Club, made up chiefly of Oxford and Cambridge graduates, represents a class barely beginning in our own country to have an existence. The passion of money getting is strong in Anglo-Saxon blood, but the work of the last generation, as before said, made straight paths for the feet that have entered them. Class distinctions themselves carry a compulsion with them. Day by day on English soil *noblesse oblige* has literal rendering, as yet dimly apprehended here, where the great majority of our college graduates turn naturally and necessarily to our national business of money making, with a sigh for vanishing dreams, but a certainty that money is the chief synonym for any real success in life.

It is sociologic study that is now giving us a class of students who are made to realize the fact underlying all modern scientific teaching, that knowledge to be of any real value must be founded on close experiment and observation. The

slum is the social laboratory in which unknown and unsavory compounds work out to their appointed ends; the sociologic student accepts it as working ground and determines, according to his capacity, the nature of the social problem. Dr. Philip W. Ayres, formerly head of the Associated Charities of Chicago, and now assistant secretary of the New York society, has had distinguished success in leading such classes, made up in most cases of young men and women who had done advanced or post-graduate work in sociology, many of whom have turned to the social settlement as the only solution of the social problem.

Here we face a difficulty the mere mention of which may seem an invidious comment. But the statement must be made, indeed is made by the more experienced workers in such fields, that for the average applicant for membership in the settlement, an apprenticeship of a year and more leaves one often with an enlarged sense of the difficulties but with no clear insight into the best methods of meeting them or, indeed, any real certainty as to underlying principles. This arises in part from the fact that college women, much more than college men, have the timidity and uncertainty of an unfamiliar and unassimilated culture; a stage through which the subjects of the higher education are called to pass. They are the pioneers, the sailors of an unknown sea. Education itself, as we name it, is coming to the bar for judgment, the case reading, "Mental Training *versus* Education." The dweller in a university town, if from the larger atmosphere of a great city, knows well its singular conservatism and intellectual timidity, both born of the conditions that make its life. The university professor is naturally a specialist. It is difficult to be otherwise, his own department filling his horizon and preventing any comprehensive survey of the general field. Intellectual and spiritual freedom, the absolute right to free speech, is, on the whole, as we have had full demonstration, at present incompatible with the university spirit. This fact reacts in turn upon the students, who, beginning as growing lads, or men in earliest manhood, are likely to do,—with pas-

sionate convictions as to free thought and free action,—bend in most cases to the steady, insensible pressure and emerge too often the unthinking, unable-to-think product of a system which has crammed the mind with a fixed course from books, but left almost untouched the real mind, the real soul of the man or the woman.

We have to admit then that the college woman comes out a trifle overweighted by her new possessions, with, at times, a slight flavor of superciliousness toward the women who having been born too soon for college training are training themselves; a little doubtful of any knowledge or opinion which has not the university *cachet*, and insisting upon the university as the chief guaranty of the value of an opinion. Life and the experience of life—the tolerance born of living if it be in any real sense—all this is an unknown and rather discredited field. She has yet to learn that as only the highest intelligence, the nature most keenly sympathetic, most able in imagination to see the dim striving of the imprisoned mind, can deal with the deaf and dumb, so in like measure is required the type that can face undaunted the problems of the slum.

Into the slum, then, the college woman carries a very firmly conceived set of ideas destined to many rude shocks, in most cases beneficent ones, bringing about absolute rearrangement and a new outlook on life as a whole. It is thus that the social settlement shows itself as another university, and gives at last a degree not to be earned by books. The ward benefits indirectly. It is the settler who is benefited directly, and whose education is in some sense at the expense of her beneficiaries. Intuition, she is likely to have decided, is an unscientific method peculiar to women and demanding stern repression. It remains for the graduate to discover its place; to learn that experience is two-fold; its definition well given by Horatio W. Dresser in the words: "Involution and evolution, substance and form, subject and object, ideal and realization, vision and interpretation, feeling and thought, abstract and concrete, desire and fulfilment, theory and practice, self-

development and self-denial, mind and matter are so many members of one whole."* He is well balanced who sees that the two are one, bound to each other by ties of eternal necessity, and that one may not safely develop in the one direction without a corresponding development in the other. Intuition and reason must work side by side.

Thus the settler comes presently to know that there is an unknown world of verities lying beyond the domain of that purely intellectual observation, which, ignoring the spiritual, goes on in a maze of errors, till, through experience, intuition and reason, it comes into sanity and adjustment to eternal truth. Not until this process has begun to accomplish itself does the real work to be done show its face, and the novice has often lost heart too soon and turned from the difficult task to something less exacting in its demand. But it is at this stage only that the real work begins, and that the civic sense comes finally to the place it is destined ever thereafter to hold in larger and larger measure. The man or woman in whom it is born has henceforth a new relation to all humanity, to the world at large. Something the books had not held, something beyond even the technical side of sociology, shows its face, and gives, in larger and larger measure, that sense of humanity,—the knowledge that mankind is one and must henceforth be dealt with from that standpoint.

This is the first result for the college man or woman susceptible of the insensible training the settlement has to give. Naturally, as before said, those incapable of such training fall away, and there remains a picked company from whom, at all points, comes the same testimony, that in the darkest slum the civic sense may be born and begin its appointed work. To find out "how the other half lives," has been counted the first necessity. The settlement worker presently discovers that there is another half no less in need of continuous instruction and often much less ready to receive it. The street Arab, the social Pariah, are on one side, their vices very much in evidence, their virtues a short and simple list.

* See "The Power of Silence."

On the other stands the Philistine, smug, comfortable, lending an occasional ear, pronouncing it "very sweet" in the workers to remain at their post, and "very interesting" that the story to be told indicates so much human nature. This is their share in the work, the list of helpers in such case in any city being a short one, made up, as is the general experience in associated charities or general philanthropies of whatever order, of a few names certainly to be depended upon and a long list who give only as the mood inclines.

The problem, then, is found at once to be a double one. The day must hold a double task. The soul of the worker must feel a double wrench, in itself destructive of power and a consumer of life forces. That the ward may have been roused to a sense of its own needs, and be ready to co-operate fast and far as its dim intelligence grows, is, if co-operation on the other side be grudging, simply an added injustice, before which the workers' hands fall often powerless. This is the familiar experience of most settlement workers, the inevitable depression from which the weak retreat, the strong-hearted rise in indignant solemn determination to battle with each and every unit of the mass of evil they must face; an evil born of ignorance on the one hand, and to be counted a negative, not a positive, force; on the other, of a lack of civic sense, in itself simply another phase of the same ignorance.

Nothing can better illustrate such experience than the story in brief of a small settlement in a western city, into which came by special request a group of workers of an order not often found in even the best-equipped undertakings. The ward to be handled was known to be in some points the worst one in the city. The city itself had the virtues and the vices of a new swift growth; was phenomenally misgoverned, ostentatious, lavish at all points where money made sufficient show, ambitious to take front rank and at moments deserving such place, but at vital points still bearing the imprint of haste, obtuseness, greed, and short-sightedness. The wise within her borders saw this and sought escape from it. A Civic League essayed feebly to make headway against the general demoral-

ization, but the foolish, being in the majority, worked their will, and the Philistine sat in the council seat. The region in which work was to be done included the sharpest extremes of poverty and wealth. On the lake front rose the magnificent dwellings to which the city pointed with a pride that grew with each stately addition. And half a mile back of them huddled the dens that made the heart of the ward, and the two were one. Through it a narrow river crawled lakeward, foul with all human filth, natural and manufactured, a creeping pestilence, known of all men to carry death in every drop that made its festering current, its existence a menace, a warning, and a disgrace. Barely a block from its banks the settlement was quartered, within stone throw of the great gas works, which at irregular intervals day and night discharged their waste products, in part into the river, in other part to the air, which not only rasped and gnawed at every human lung it entered, but left a deposit of oily carbon on every inch of space in and about the dwelling places of the ward. The street-cleaning appropriation had lapsed, the contractors sharing it with the City Council, and the alleys at every side were piled high with the refuse of months. The conditions of the middle ages, the very facts that brought "the Black Death," were all here, peacefully ignored by the authorities and the ward, the strong wind from the north the occasional and only disinfectant.

These were the conditions surrounding the house, well built and otherwise desirable, given for the time by a board of managers who controlled its administration, and in whose hands had been placed a sum of money sufficient to carry on the necessary activities for six months. The ward itself was so utter a menace to the city's interests that the generous giver believed the winter's work, if it accomplished any visible results at all, would, by that fact, secure for itself the permanent support of that portion of the city to which it belonged, and in time make over the whole disreputable region.

Naturally the first inquiry of the half-strangled settlers was as to the necessity for the sort of air they were required to

breathe, and what action Gas Company and Board of Health were likely to take. A note to the Gas Company brought immediate reply that they would be most happy to remedy any real difficulty, but that nobody had ever complained before and there must be some mistake. The Board of Health in turn, through its chief officer, announced that the Gas Companies of the city had formed a close corporation, and that the city officers could do nothing with them. A series of interviews, distinguished by extreme urbanity on the part of the Gas Company, by increasing helplessness on the part of the Board of Health, left matters finally precisely where they were in the beginning.

In the meantime work had begun and gone on; the people, so far from requiring persuasion to come in, rather begging for admission. Within two months the five residents had the services of twelve outside workers, all enthusiastic and most capable aids; another gift enabled the purchase of a complete slöyd outfit, and the boys, who are at all times the chief problem, and whose occupations had been stoning stray passers-by, breaking windows, "holding up" smaller boys and now and then a woman, and making themselves in word and deed the terror of the neighborhood, implored to be numbered in the classes, and they measured and planed and sawed with delighted activity. Military drill gave them their first sense of order and obedience, wonderfully stimulated by their admiration of the drill-master's stripes and buttons; a penny provident bank cared for their small savings, and in slöyd and other active exercises the wickedness for which they had been noted defined itself as chiefly misdirected nervous energy now transmuting itself into happy work.

This for the boys. For their elders the same results followed. A Mothers' Club had for some time existed in the building, but now took on new life; a Civic Club formed among the younger men took active and intelligent part in the spring election, helping to put in an honest alderman, and twelve clubs and classes filled the house at the appointed hours. From early morning to late night the doors were

open, and within the walls every form of tragedy and comedy went on. A little genuine work, a great deal of amusement, a "Relief" office with trained nurse at command; in short, all the usual work of a well-regulated social settlement, but all summing up under the general head, alleviation.

Alleviation must always be, but much more than this is the work of civilized human beings. The knowledge born of long experience, with long and thorough training in many practical lines, had, for the head worker, made summary of settlement necessities a very simple matter. In a ward standing for the foulest order of tenement house and of sweater's den, swarming with boys, many of whom had already been in prison, yet who still proved capable of work that interested them, there was but one demand to make. Industrial training in its widest application could and would save the children and turn hoodlums into decent citizens. The north side must, of necessity, see this, and transfer to preventive work the sums now paid in taxes for prisons, reform schools, homes, and the other methods we adopt after the mischief has been done. Already the trustees of the settlement headquarters had generously offered it free of rent, if money could be raised for further work, and it was at this point that the campaign was opened with full-hearted hope as the lake-front dwellers listened tearfully and promised certain co-operation "a little later on." "Later on," however, it might not be, since the dwindling appropriation would soon be exhausted. Help must be instant or not at all.

The Sultan of Turkey must be held responsible for what followed. The Armenians came to the front, their case, it seemed, infinitely more vital than any need in any ward at home. A few already overburdened givers pledged themselves for small subscriptions, but the Armenians remained the popular interest and are still in the foreground. Visitors thronged the settlement, but it seemed not to occur to any who frowned at surrounding dirt, wondering how it could be borne, that to help in its removal was any part of their mission.

In the nature of things, needs had long ago formulated themselves. In a ward where every fact of daily life meant dirt in its quintessence—foul air, fouler water, adulterated and defective food, homes in which the washtub and wet clothes made the centrepiece and from which the men, having no other resource, fled naturally and properly to the saloon—what must stand as first need if not the public bath house with laundry below, like those already successful in London and Glasgow? A bath house and laundry, then a public kitchen with training school for women and girls, and that perfect and savory food on sale which the New England Kitchen has demonstrated can be prepared at rates possible for the poor; a reading-room and gymnasium for the men and boys, and kindergartens enough for the little children; a school of manual training, into which each child could pass for an education that would mean happy work with a conscience in it and an honest living,—all of these together would cost less than a prison; all of these working together would in time abolish the prison.

This was the summary to which the North Side lent an attentive ear, remarking at every turn, "How sweet to be so interested!" and then turning placidly to the Armenians. And so the ward bides its time and has its innings in the creeping pestilence borne from sweater's den to homes that know it not, in the open crime and secret vice its foundation, with which the city must sooner or later deal. But it was difficult to believe that words had meant nothing but momentary interest; that women whose names were on the Civic League had not yet learned the meaning of prevention. A Magdalen Home, a Reform School, a Hospital were familiar ground, and they swarmed to committees and their attendant lunches. But the necessities of decent civilization were not, and are not, comprehended. The one thing that women of wealth, with ample leisure, superior education, social importance, owe to their humbler sisters is *protection*. Yet it is the absolute lack of it upon which Miss Clare de Grafenried, of the United States Department of Labor, comments in a striking summary

of the position of the woman wage-earner, under the title of "The New Woman and Her Debts."

"It is a significant fact," she writes, "that while in England the Factory Acts were secured mainly by men of wealth, rank, and public spirit, for the laborer in America, such statutes usually originate with and are pushed through by the workers themselves, half educated, unaided, handicapped, and sometimes intimidated by unprogressive employers. When measures come before our legislatures to better the conditions under which women toil in shops and mills, and to raise the age limit after which the child may be condemned to labor, women, with noble exceptions like Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, are conspicuously absent, while many clergymen even enroll themselves on the side of *laissez faire*. True, our sex is conservative, frightened by prophecies of socialist rule, inclined to regard factory legislation as anarchistic instead of remedial and preventive. Another feminine inconsistency is that women busy themselves and beset the Solons about paupers and the degraded, about institutions and charities, though refusing to lift a hand or lend their endorsement to obtain protective legislation for respectable, self-sustaining working women and helpless children, who, from dependence for employment on the favor of merchants and manufacturers, are unable to speak in their own behalf. Yet these patient wage-earners, if properly guarded from insanitary surroundings, dangerous and poisoned pursuits, long hours, and *excessive strain while at work*, would so seldom be found in hospitals, institutions, poorhouses, and prisons, that the occupation of the board of lady managers would be gone."

Here we have the clew to the whole situation. The few women who had the civic sense had no money. Those who had money had no civic sense, and between them the ward went to the ground and remains there.

This is the story not alone for one ward in one city, but for constructive workers all over the country, and it is told, not to discourage but to encourage every soul who sees its meaning. To stir into consciousness, to develop and educate the civic sense, is the mission not only of the social settlement,

but of preacher, teacher, thinker at every point. Every Civic League, then, counts as another force in the work to be done, and women are joining hands to most efficient purpose, the work of the sanitary sections, especially in city house-keeping, being peculiarly their function. There is plenty of knowledge. In time the sex will learn what to deduce from the piling facts; but this means wisdom.

"The sufferings that saturate society everywhere rest in large measures on 'lack of wisdom in the illuminated, and lack of illumination in the wise.' The knowledge of one's self that each may have should be the gathering point of knowledge of all the other millions. Yet in spite of all hindrances to all who wonder, who want, who suffer, who seek, comes a certainty that better things are to be,—not in a future in some other life, but here, in this world of ours, given into our hands to make better. Till now we have been hardly more than semi-human, the soul an 'imprisoned spectator' of the deeds done by the body. It is time that freedom be sought, its meaning learned and taught. The hour has struck when we are to approach the questions of life as if we had entered it suddenly from another planet, free from all power of tradition, dogma, inheritance, judging life as it shows itself. This is the sense of humanity working out to all noble ends, bringing in its train naturally that social state 'in which each man stands for what he is worth, each receives a fair proportion of what he earns, where no one holds a monopoly of power or wealth, nor any authority which takes away the freedom or the natural rights of man, since the earth belongs to men, not to man, and since no one may create a monopoly, nor oppress the sexes morally or industrially without committing a sin in the name of the highest and divinest law.'"^{*}

To bring such life for all is the mission of the civic sense, of the sense of humanity, out of which it is born, and which itself rests forever in the enfolding, encompassing, abiding sense of God, the eternal source of all.

DENVER, COLO.

^{*} "The Perfect Whole," by H. W. Dresser; pp. 216 *et seq.*

NEWSPAPER WORK.

I. LIMITATIONS OF TRUTH-TELLING.

BY EDWARD F. ADAMS.

SOMETHING less than two years ago, at an age whose exact figure is of no public interest, but which may be described as a period at which it is useless to pretend to be young, while there is no desire to pretend to be old, I was pitchforked into an editorial position on one of what we are accustomed to call "our great modern journals." The idea of filling such a place had never occurred to me; but within a few seconds after the proposal was made it was mentally accepted, although for the looks of the thing I believe that I deferred an actual acceptance for several minutes—as long as I dared to risk the chance of the proposal being withdrawn. For the truth is, although I had never proposed to myself this exaltation,—having spent my previous life in the sordid pursuit of "business,"—I was secretly of the opinion that the only people in the world whose lives were passed in the enjoyment of unalloyed pleasure were the members of the editorial staff of a great modern journal. Having accepted the unlooked-for offer, within a week I entered upon my new duties.

The translation from the business turn of mind to the lofty and unselfish train of thought which, I assumed, must reign in the breast of an editor, was not easy. My first day was pay-day, and my first thought was, Where does the money come from? There were a lot of people on the paper to "draw down" weekly pay; and the thing that impressed me was the smooth and regular working of the financial machine, which regularly, in all weathers and at all times, ground out this multitude of weekly salaries. The delivery was as monotonous and me-

chanical as that of the great mint around the corner, and the hidden source of supply as mysterious. I saw an army of well-fed men take their turn at the windows; I knew of the daily expenditure for news, telegraph tolls, white paper, and miscellaneous supplies. I saw the long row of linotypes and the wonderful presses, and knew something of their cost; and I knew that the machine I was observing had ground out the money to pay for them and for the tall building which contained them. Then and there I resolved to go straight to the business manager for a detailed statement of cost and prices, for a magazine article. Upon reflection, I didn't go, but I still regard that sudden impulse to make copy as some evidence that until then I had missed my vocation. Having observed and reflected sufficiently upon the outward workings of the machine of which I had become a part, I went up in the elevator to my little den near the roof, to begin to think thoughts. I was greatly impressed with my responsibility, and resolved to lose no time in transmuting the mutton chops and rolls which had been my breakfast into glowing words which should help to make the printed pages of next morning's paper worthy of the nickels which must be gathered to pay my salary.

I should say that I was engaged to write only upon a special line of topics, of which the managing editor imagined me to know something, and to which certain space was devoted, which I was to fill at my discretion. Beyond this, if I did anything, it was as a volunteer. I had no hours to keep except those of pay-day. All that was required was that my "stuff" should be on the galleys when wanted. Newspaper men will recognize this as a "soft snap" in journalism, offset, however, by a corresponding modesty in compensation. I should hate to have to live on what I can earn by this kind of journalism. Few lines of work covered by daily journals can be adequately discussed without impinging on the domain of economics and politics. Mine was no exception. In entering upon my duties I had received but one instruction: "Find out the truth and tell it." This was delightful, for I took it seriously, and fully in accord with my lofty con-

ception of editorial duties, and of the pure and serene ether of Truth in which I conceived editors to live and move and have their being. Inspired by this noble emotion, I took my pen and wrote an editorial. Resting from my labors, I remembered the suggestion of the managing editor that I keep a close watch of the editorial columns, in order, as he said, "to avoid any inconsistency of expression." Surely this was sensible. Although all truth is consistent with all other truth, yet of a number of us in equally eager search for the article some one might miss a little, or inadvertently so express himself as to appear to have missed it, and thus open our armor to the javelins of the jeering and unprincipled sheet on the opposite corner. So I took up the file and turned over the pages, and upon the editorial page of the second number back I found an exceedingly vigorous article taking a view of my subject diametrically opposite to the conclusion I had reached, and intimating grave doubts as to the moral sanity of all who pretended to disagree with it. An allusion recalled to me that it was merely upholding the soundness of a minor plank in the last platform of the great Democratic party, of which I am an unworthy member, and for whose nominees, God willing, I expected to vote. Here was a pretty mess! Although an ardent seeker after truth, I am not a roaring idiot, and I promptly recognized that the particular dish of truth which I had just prepared would be sadly inopportune just then in the editorial columns of the *Advocate and Harbinger*. I also got my first lesson in the matter of the limits within which truth may be told in a public journal. As a private citizen, I may and do denounce any portion of the platform of a political party, which on the whole I deem it best to support, but for a great daily paper to do so is to commit hara-kiri. The platforms of political parties are necessarily filled with compromises on minor points, in order to hold together enough of those who agree in the more important matters to carry an election. Such agreements, when made, must be kept, and a journal which professes to support a party must do so unreservedly, even if

in some points it does not reflect the opinions of a single person connected with it. Political journals may be undesirable, but while they exist they must fulfil their missions; and in the long run the consensus of a great political party is perhaps as reliable as the individual judgment of a newspaper proprietor, unless the latter is a very able and honest man. At any rate I was connected with a political journal, and therein found my first limitation to the telling of truth. My first editorial went into the waste basket.

A day or two later I had occasion to deal with another subject which I certainly understood, and as to which there would be no disagreement among disinterested persons who are familiar with it. Unfortunately, however, the truth in this case, as often happens, was not in accord with the current popular prejudice. Here, thought I, was my long-sought opportunity to set the world right, and in a glow of enthusiasm I wrote an editorial, which was a trumpet blast of no uncertain sound. There was no politics in this, and I was sure I had found my field. This was surely what I had been born for. What the managing editor wanted was the man who knew and had the courage to say,—and I was he. Tomorrow the *Advocate and Harbinger* should show the world how to champion fearlessly an unpopular cause. And I went home happy. On the way I met a friend, an editor whom I had known for a long time, and took occasion to compliment him on the stand he had been taking on a certain matter of popular interest. His was not a political paper; he was himself a proprietor, and could say what he pleased. He laughed quietly at my compliments, but said he feared he did not deserve them, as he was going to quit. Every one of the editorials which I had liked had brought him a dozen "stops" and no new subscriptions that he could trace to them. His partners were "kicking," and he himself was tired of it. If he were rich, he said, he might undertake to reform the world, but for a man of moderate means to attempt it meant disaster to himself, with little accomplishment. The fact was that

no newspaper could live long and prosper, which habitually went contrary to the prejudices of its subscribers.

This set me thinking. If I knew the proprietor of the *Advocate and Harbinger*, and I thought I did, he was a man who would be very glad indeed to see right triumphant and virtue prosperous everywhere, but yet by no means glad enough to see it done at the expense of the popularity of the *Advocate and Harbinger*. On the contrary, I was very sure that he would interpret his implied contract with his subscribers to mean that he should give them the stuff they liked to read, and that he would feel no call to engage in any kind of a crusade for reforms in which he had no personal interest, and which would merely invoke a languid approval from a certain number of his readers, and active hostility on the part of others. It therefore at once occurred to me that I had discovered another limitation to the truth which I could be permitted to tell in a newspaper, and this was that it must be only that kind of truth which the general public desires to read. I therefore went back to my den and put another editorial in the waste basket. And in this I was not only wise, but right. I was wise, because the proofs of the work of a new hand would quite certainly be carefully looked to by the managing editor, and in this case killed; and I was right, because even if it had escaped him and got in, nobody has a right to go out reforming at other people's expense without their consent. Having agreed to take this man's money, it was my duty to give him such service as he desired, and if I did not like it, to quit. And this was none the less true because if I did not give the desired service, I should have to quit. It was my duty to help from the start, not to hinder.

Neither do I see how it is possible for the proprietor of any paper to do otherwise than cater to the wishes of his readers, except upon the theory that his journal is to be run for the benefit of mankind regardless of personal consequences. The fact is, that truth cannot be told constantly without raising up enemies, while the disinterested majority of mankind give

no corresponding support. There seems to be practically no way to make sure of the regular collection of the funds necessary to pay-day, except by the avoidance of attacks upon vested interests. Once or twice in a generation a strong man may appear, whose personality may attract support for a really independent journal, but these instances are too few to be considered. There are great profits in frauds and shams, and they who live by them have profits to divide, which more honorable men have not. Without the aid of advertisers who wish to sell property for more than it is worth, I do not know that pay-day would always be pay-day.

Everybody knows that adulteration and poor workmanship infest all branches of trade. This general statement any journal may safely venture, but when it begins to assist the public by pointing out particular shams, it does so at great peril; and there is really a monetary interest at the bottom of all subjects of general discussion. The public does not sustain the truth-teller or the more decent journals.

I know a city in which, at one time, the daily papers seemed to vie with each other as to which could come the nearest to the line of indecency which would exclude them from the mails. The women of the city rose up in protest, and mass meetings were held to denounce the offences of the press. At the height of the excitement a change of ownership took place in one of these journals, and the new proprietor, possibly as a matter of business, took sides with the women, denounced his contemporaries, and engaged to and did run a perfectly clean paper. After a few months of trial, and an active canvass on that basis, the proprietor told me that he had not won over a single subscriber whose subscription could be traced to the cause, while his saloon and barber-shop patronage fell off to nothing, and his sales to mill hands were seriously impaired. He said he presumed he did get some, but he never knew them. At considerable expense he had lists made of the men and women prominent in the "clean paper" agitation, including a long list—many thousands—of those who had registered themselves in the move-

ment, compared his own carrier's books, and made a deliberate set to get the subscriptions of these people who were taking the papers they denounced. He got substantially none of them; only the ordinary changes took place which are constantly going on. And yet his paper was as good as the others, and clean. He was utterly disgusted. He said these reformers were humbugs. Every one of them really wanted the nasty stuff which they were getting. He seemed to be right, for in a few weeks more the whole thing dropped.

The fact is that every community makes its own press. What the papers give people is really what they want. In public meetings they may say they do not want it; but their subscriptions say they do. The long list of clergymen and society leaders who were taking the papers they denounced, and refused to change to one equally good in all things except sensationalism, convinced me that newspaper men know their business. I doubt if there are three papers in America whose course on any non-political subject in which the proprietor has no pecuniary interest cannot be changed by a hundred "stops" for an identical stated course. That the daily press is what we find it, is due to the fact that "stops" do not come.

And this being the case, I do not see how a daily journal can be conducted as an impartial investigator and champion of the truth as it is discovered. The necessities of pay-day will prevent it. The public has come to demand from the daily press what it costs large daily expenditure to provide. That expenditure can only be met by maintaining a circulation which shall be a basis of profitable advertising rates. If the general public does not find what it wants in the journal, the circulation cannot be maintained; if the income falls off, expenses must be reduced; then the paper becomes dull, for the brightest men will go where the largest salaries can be paid. Then those who would be its staunchest supporters leave it in flocks, and there inevitably follows a change of character, if not a change of ownership. It is the inexorable pay-day which so impressed me at my first entrance into journalism which controls the character of the press. I am con-

vinced that the ideal newspaper can no more be made a source of personal profit than the ideal university.

The ideal newspaper, if we ever have it, will be endowed. I suppose some benevolent billionaire will some time do it. I believe it would be as useful an application of money as may be found. The obvious difficulty is to arrange for a suitable directory whose single duty would be the choice of the editor-in-chief and the business manager. There would be no "policy" to dictate, since the one instruction would be that which I received, "to find the truth and tell it;" but in this case it would not be given in the *Pickwickian* sense. Such a board would necessarily be, in the majority, ex-officio, probably presidents of colleges, and librarians of great libraries, and, with these in the majority, might safely be made self-perpetuating as to the minority. The salaries of the editor-in-chief and the business manager should be such as to make them the great prizes of journalism. Within their spheres they should have absolute power. The profits with the income of the endowment should go to some designated public purpose. If there should be a deficit, the income of the endowment would make it up. If I were a benevolent billionaire, I now think I would do this. Whether it were pecuniarily profitable or not, it would modify the character of all daily journalism.

It will be seen that I no longer have illusions as to the limitations of truth-telling in journalism. So far as the salaried editor is concerned, he has not, by virtue of his position, the power to tell any truth or express any opinion. Incidentally he may do, and much of the time he does, both. But what he knows or what he thinks does not necessarily determine what he writes. What he writes is determined by the managing editor, who expresses the wish of the proprietor. Whoever does not wish to write on these terms should not enter journalism. Of course managing editors have common sense, and are personally good fellows and gentlemen, and do not habitually and wantonly set the gentlemen in the editorial rooms to writing what they abhor. They usually have at command those who can express the desired views

con amore, but when the exigencies of the service require it, the salaried editor must write what is ordered, or quit. And he seldom quits.

If I was impressed on the first day with the effectiveness of the financial end of the newspaper machine, I was equally impressed, as I gradually became acquainted with it, with the relentless grinding of its interior works. Picking up at random yesterday's sixteen-page paper, I find it to contain, exclusive of advertising, about 130,000 words, less cuts and head-lines. The Sunday paper will contain more than twice as many. Comparing this with Butcher and Lang's translation of the *Odyssey*, which lies upon my table, I find that the latter contains only about 200,000 words. Every day the staff of this journal writes a book two-thirds as large as the *Odyssey*, and every Sunday one a good deal larger, and nearly all about what happened the day before. Our journal is run to make money, and there is no surplus of attachés. Every man has his duty and must do it every day. When he goes to his desk he does not know what he is to write about, but he does know that about so much copy will be demanded, clear and interesting, and not a surplus word. The writer has no choice of subjects or of time. We go to press at three o'clock, and the ideas which have not yet occurred to him must be in the forms at that time. If he knows little or nothing of the subject, so much the worse for him. He must scabble the harder, and find out. That he does not "feel in the mood" does not count. "Moods" themselves do not count. Creative work is not expected or desired, but plain common-sense discussion of current affairs, with no errors of fact. This he can do, and this he must do, sick or well. Under the stress of these circumstances, the romance of editorship promptly disappears, or rather is found not to exist. It is hard, grinding, inexorable work. Of such work as I have done in this world, sawing cord-wood comes the nearest to it. The difference in the thickness, toughness, and shape of the different sticks gives the same kind of relief from monotony that attends the writing of editorials. Only, in sawing wood

there is a pleasure in the increasing pile of finished work behind you, and the diminishing pile of work before you. And next week you may not be sawing wood. But in editorship, what you have done is whisked out of sight and forgotten of all men. What is before you, you cannot see. But you know you will be at it next week, and that it will never end. There is doubtless a pleasure in creative work. There is a certain agreeableness even in such writing as I am now doing, simply because I wish to, and which may or may not even be printed. But the only pleasure I can conceive of in writing editorials for daily journals is the knowledge that pay-day is weekly and certain.

It will be remembered that I am writing as one in the business but not of it. I suppose no one of strong will and beginning late in life can become a real newspaper man. I only write what I seem to see. There is, after all, a pleasure in all work well done, and very likely my comrades, if I may so call them, like their jobs. For myself, I am mildly tolerated about the editorial rooms as one who is there and to be made the best of. I am permitted freely to express my opinion on current topics, but I think the office boy who brings in visitors' cards to us would have quite as much weight in council. He may at least some time become a newspaper man, while I never can. And it is only newspaper men who can take the right view of things. We recognize each other as good fellows, and would be mutually helpful should occasion require; but I am made to feel that between me and them there is a great gulf fixed. It is when I stray into the news rooms that I am at my worst. There I have absolutely no standing at all. I am simply sat upon. A "pointer" given by one of our sharp elevator boys would be jumped at and followed up, but my opinion of what is "news" could not get even passing attention. The newspaper world has a cult of its own, into which the profane may not lightly pass. But mostly they are wholesome fellows, and I like them. And I also enjoy such work as I do in journalism, while I am per-

mitted to do it, recognizing that I am any day liable to be pitchforked out as I was pitchforked in.

SAN FRANCISCO.

II. REPORTERS AND OVERSUPPLY.

BY JOHN LIVINGSTON WRIGHT.

Twenty men were recently discharged in one day from the editorial staff of a New York morning daily. In another late incident, after the visit home of the proprietor, the entire staff of one of the sheets that he owned was thrown out. In Boston a certain daily let out seven as the result of an afternoon's moves. In Chicago an editor and a half-dozen subordinates together took their departure on a recent morning (by request). A decade ago these happenings would have created much comment along the "Newspaper Rows" of the cities mentioned. To-day, when a modern daily may average a discharge of from five to nine reporters or copy-readers a week, or the incoming of a new business manager means an overhauling even in the editorial department, such happenings meet with but little notice among newspaper workers. Why? Fundamentally because of the overwhelming supply of reporters. An editor in any of the metropolitan centres of to-day would have no more hesitation, if he chanced to feel in the mood, in ordering out seven or eight men than in hurriedly clearing waste "copy" from his desk. For he knows that, early next morning, perhaps twenty men, not freshlings, but capable writers and copy-handlers, would be in his office beseeching him for the positions vacated, and in a half-hour he could have new-comers doing efficiently the work performed by those ejected the day before. This is not exaggeration, but the present truth, as any metropolitan newspaper man, be he with position or without, well knows.

The whole situation, discomfiting as it is, is due to this fact, that the larger cities throughout the United States are over-

run with reporters, those who will work at "cut" rates, half rates, or any rates, so they can get enough to keep body and soul together. As the late Col. Cockerill used to say, "One can't throw a brick into Park Row without hitting 'a good writer.'" And in addition to the army already in the cities, an eager, ambitious crowd from without is constantly heading for New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston; New York always being the eventually hoped-for goal. This superabundance of material at hand explains why it is that if a young man makes the round of the dailies in the big cities his experience, day after day, will be essentially this: "Mr. —, I—" but he gets no further. He is met with a scowl calculated to stagger a sphinx, and a growl: "Not hiring! Firing every day!" And the discouraged fellow trudges to the elevator in the next building, to receive again the same announcement.

How vividly Mr. Rider Haggard, in "Mr. Meeson's Will," portrays the authors working away in their hutches, like so many slaves, and knowing they are doomed to write out their lives or starve!

With what emotion we read that description! Yet practically the same thing is going on now in this country. Space-writers besiege the Sunday editors and the offices of the "picture magazines." There are any number of newspapers whose Sunday issue depends almost entirely upon the regular batch of pre-contracted syndicate matter. Their editors, however, will say to each new-comer, on rejecting the proffered article, "Oh, yes, let us see whatever you have, for you might catch something that'd be right in our line." They well know that they are not buying one free-lance article in fifty, as the syndicate matter is all their institutions count on printing. This deception is maintained since, "as men who know the ropes," they do not want to lose the gauzy possibility of getting hold of something—a political or "boodling" sensation, for instance—which might furnish a "beat of the town." They well know that while it is ten to one it will not, yet it *might* come in this very manner—through the free-lance. So the horde is urged to keep bringing in manuscript.

In remarking upon the letting out of a lot of men the other day, some one said, "There is trouble ahead for the magazines to which the discharged will take realistic stories." Quite true, so far as the trouble is concerned, but if a hint was intended that some of these men would do magazine work it was highly erroneous. It is safe to say that five hundred average reporters might be thrust in the street to-day and not an available magazine article would result, for the reason that something far more serious than sensational timeliness must attach to a magazine paper. This sort of matter is required to be prepared in a conservative, thoughtful, expertly written manner. He who does magazine work must approach it with years of careful preparation, and must possess a style that is not merely the crude, contradictory suggestion of ebullient genius, but one that shows unmistakable evidence of painstaking practice in writing. A reporter in such a field is laboring with fruitlessness, and he has not the means to enable him to wait for the slow financial returns, even if some of his work were accepted.

Now, as to the "picture magazines." While they are making money, some idea of the magnificent chances for the free-lance, with certain of them, may be gained from the statement of the editor of one of the most successful, from a commercial standpoint, when he said that he "would not give one of his unsigned departments for the best work of the skilled magazinist!" How was this periodical started? By the employment of a few "hacks," who proceeded to fill it by arranging confidential relations with photographic firms, from which were obtained the pictures of *décolleté* actresses and public characters, then writing enough to "carry" the pictures. These pictures, with a few brief "sketches," prepared by the staff men, but signed with fictitious names, completed the budget.

So where is your discharged reporter? Shut from the high-class magazines by the conditions stated, and forced to try with a cloud of others the lottery of getting an occasional dollar or two out of a Sunday paper or illustrated weekly. Thus

you find him trimming and turning his cuffs, eating beans at alley restaurants, and sleeping in lodging houses, with a suicide occasionally telling of one who has fallen in the race.

Yet the striking feature of the situation is that the thousand idle reporters of New York and the thousand aimless writers have chiefly themselves to blame. Their energies are misdirected.

Instead of saying to the bright newspaper man, "Go to the city," it should be, "Above all, keep away from the city!" Never was there a time when the general status of the country newspaper was as mediocre as at present; never a time when trained newspaper men were so much required in the smaller cities and towns. Go into these of from 1,000 to 70,000. What do you find? Newspapers wretchedly written. "Locals" dished up after the fashion of schoolboys; editorial pages utterly unworthy that dignified appellation; advertising poorly "set," and little enterprise manifested in securing it. The "plate" associations have been the ruin, from an intellectual standpoint, of country journalism. Forty years ago the man who conducted a country paper had to write editorials calculated to awaken careful consideration. He was looked upon and required to be the learned political authority of his township or county. Therefore these editors were powers in the land. The weight of what they had to say was held in respect by every candidate or public man. How now? A too-frequent conviction that "most anything" will do. When pressed, the proprietor often feels satisfied to jot down a few lines of ribaldry, separate these by long dashes, and slap in some random chunks of "plate," that may tell of big trees or of curios in the British Museum, and, with some "plate" advertisements, the mess constitutes the "editorial page." The thing has got to be so that the starting of a paper in a small town is merely a matter of procuring an outfit, covered by mortgage, from one of the city concerns making this a business; and by borrowing a little money to pay for "ready-print" or "plate," anybody who experiences the whim is deemed competent to run a paper. The idea that a man

should have some political knowledge of the times and of economics is not considered of any moment. It is because of this general weakness and servility of the rural press that the extensive opportunity exists for the man drilled in metropolitan journalism. As Richard Harding Davis has truly said, "a training on a city daily is a grand help to literary work if you don't stay in that field too long," so the same is unquestionably true regarding a young man's labor on a metropolitan sheet in preparation for country newspaper work.

For a keen youth the best course to pursue is to work a while on his rural daily or weekly. Then let him go to the city for two or three years, but go there and to the great daily in exactly the spirit he would go to a great school; not regarding himself as doomed to a life of hapless pegging along, but with the well-set aim to use every tip he gets as something to be later applied in a small city or town. Let him live as frugally, as temperately, and as healthfully as he knows how. Let him flee from the *rathskeller* and the "joint" and the "Bohemians" as he would the wrath to come. In no occupation is there more pitiful need for thrift and temperance, its followers being likely to be thrown out of their positions without a moment's notice. Yet in none other is this course so little practised. This is an embarrassing thing to record, but it is true. A clerk who, with ordinary attention to duty, can hold his post until business drops off or the house is in straits, thinks it necessary to save what of his ten dollars a week he can. A reporter, occupying a station where a "scoop" or "beat" may be lugged into the office by a coal-heaver, who tumbled onto the "story" by accident, and which event may "fire" the reporter instantanously, spends every cent of his fifteen or thirty dollars a week, and when discharged he strikes the pavement with empty pockets. This is the rule; of course there are exceptions.

After the young man has had his wits sharpened by city work for two or three years, let him make back for the country. He will find that he can accomplish more headway

in two years than those about him, used to doing things just as they were done before, could in five.

It is getting out of the city instead of into it that can save the throngs of hungry reporters now particularly in New York, Chicago, and Boston, and their brethren, the unnumbered free-lance writers. I am aware that it would be rather difficult to get them started, for once in sight of a city, it is like seizing an electric wire. No matter how much you wish to, you are seemingly unable to let go. Yet our modern civilization means that many inevitably will have to get back to the country, to mother earth. "Going to the city" has become a mania that is working destruction. Young people especially seem to feel that to leave the maelstrom argues absolute failure to the whole world, as if the world noticed their petty doings or cared a straw! Others will hang to that comforter, "having it in them." Hence they stay on and starve or jump into the harbor. It is time some of this "room-at-the-top" business, so much perpetrated at college commencements, were analyzed. Here are our large cities each maintaining but from seven to eleven dailies. Granting that the flocks coming every week to solicit positions were, individually, actual Horace Greeleys, can anyone conceive how it would be possible for each of these Greeleys to be at the head of a great metropolitan newspaper?

Let us put this matter of leaving the city on a practical basis. Those men who are out of work yet have a little money saved are at marked advantage. They can locate in the small cities with more or less readiness and have something to help them along until they can form connections with papers. But this contemplation of "a little money saved" applies to a comparatively few. The majority are much put about to know how they shall get along for the next month, not mentioning the having of dollars in the bank. To these I say: Strike for the little cities, even if you have to walk. Why should it be harder tramping over the country roads than the pavements of New York? Once in a town, what then? Any honorable employment that will buy meals and shelter.

I have in mind as I write a young man who walked into a county-seat town of 25,000 population in Ohio, and he had walked all the way from New York City. Next day he was driving a street sprinkler. Four days later he sent several columns of matter to a Cleveland paper. It was an account of street department frauds. Next noon he entered the office of the leading local daily and asked if they would like to purchase some matter on the street troubles. The old editor was astonished. It was the first time he had ever had such a request, and he endeavored to assume the mien befitting so momentous an occasion. "We are not accustomed," he solemnly avowed, "to buy articles." "Well," was the reply, "I've some exclusive information which I shall send in to Chicago to-night, and I didn't know but that you'd like to go in on it." The interview terminated in an offer of \$3 for the material, and it was also sold in Chicago for \$5. The young man stuck to his street sprinkler and kept busily getting in touch with the place, studying the newspaper situation, bringing in, every day or two, something good for this local paper and hustling evenings to get out matter for Cleveland, Detroit, or Chicago dailies. He paid seventy-five cents a week for room rent and two dollars and a half for meals. At the end of the first month he had earned twenty-eight dollars in correspondence for the metropolitan press alone. To make it short, by the end of the following month this chap was city editor of the local daily referred to; in a year he had organized a syndicate which bought out the paper. To-day he is editor-in-chief and controls five-eighths of the stock. In a recent letter he said, "It was just four years ago Billy R—'fired' me down in New York. I am as glad of it now as he probably was then."

I think of a man of thirty who went out from Boston, three years ago, to a city in southern Michigan. Last spring he sold his daily there, after having made an average yearly profit of \$2,500, at an advance of \$8,000, and is now at the head of a similar enterprise in Wisconsin. I know a young Irishman who left high school, some nine years since, to work

at the case in the office of the B—, Illinois, *Bulletin*. He has been for three years the editor, and is a member of the State Senate. He is now twenty-nine, and when the Illinois State Press Association meets, he sits down at the banquet in the magnificent Lexington Hotel, Chicago, as much a "publisher" as any newspaper proprietor in that great city. But I must not consume space with further illustrations of my meaning.

The man who goes out of the city and to the country town must do so with firm resolutions. He is now in a place where everybody knows about everybody else. The double sort of life will not do. He must establish a reputation for reliability and good citizenship. He must put up with petty criticisms and not mind it if people do discuss him. He who has faced the storming managing or city editor of an evening metropolitan sheet about 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon ought not to have his knees shaken by things like these. He must seek to accomplish practical benefit to the community. Politically, he must stand for principles, and must be courageous in advocating them. Dignity and bravery, particularly in a moral sense, must accompany his course. If he but adhere to this line, he cannot fail of success, for no greater error is there than in imagining that country residents are not progressive and will not support clean, able, modernly-edited papers. They want them, but often cannot get them. How frequently are these people so gradually disgusted by the listless, sloppy editing and the incessant suspensions among their local newspapers that they almost come to think that they must not expect their town daily to be other than a mere hodge-podge of insignificant, personal items of gossip. Let a lively, caustic, carefully-written sheet be offered and see how steadily these folk come to extend to it their patronage. I know of villages where merchants have manifested such a desire to have a paper in their midst that they have subscribed advertising in advance and appointed one of their number to make efforts to bring in a reliable newspaper man.

The reporter in his prospecting should try as far as possible for a county-seat location. This will give him the widest op-

portunity for the exercise of trained ingenuity and the most effective avenue to influence. Drilled into "seeing" a "story" and "developing" it, he can readily "beat" those who are time-serving correspondents for metropolitan papers and whose work consists of sending in a few words a week by telegraph. He can put inches of matter into the big papers where these persons put in words, and, in the course of a year thus realize a neat sum. Half the patience exercised in selling a thousand-word article in New York would give the vendor an assured position in such a town, where his work ends at a certain hour, where he can assume a respected niche in local society, be a member of some good club, breathe pure air, live quietly and happily, feel that he is a factor in the world, and save something for a rainy day.

Let the three or four thousand struggling, out-of-job reporters in the metropolitan centres get into the small cities and they can exercise a righteous political and educational power that will achieve for the civic and industrial life of this country a work as valuable as that now accomplished by the public school. If even a few of these disheartened fellows may take a hint from this brief outline before, as the hard-shell preacher said, "it is everlastin' too late," the writer will feel that what he has said here has not been wholly in vain.

BOSTON.

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF BROWNING.

BY MARGARET CONNOLLY.

"Great Truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity."

ONE day last winter, in the midst of the city's fever of theatre-going, concerts, balls, and other distractions, I went down to the seashore to enjoy the sombre grandeur and lonely majesty of the sea at that season. The summer visitor knows not half the glory of the sea. For the most part he sees it only at play. He carries away with him a vision of sun-kissed waves and rolling billows, marred by the crowds of fashionably (another word for fantastically) dressed people who throng the shore. In winter there is none of this. Nature is undisturbed, the loneliness unbroken by a sound except the lashing of the waves against the rocks. The sea heaves and throbs and moans under the gray sky as if mourning for the countless dead buried within its bosom, and anon it dashes itself into a fury as though in an agony of despair over the tragedies which it covers.

As I stood watching its inscrutable depths and pondering upon all the wonderful secrets it might reveal, two wild birds came in view. The sight of them called up a picture in my mind. The sea stretching out at my feet represented the limitless ocean of Truth, whose infinite treasures were open to all who were willing to explore its depths. I myself typified the great majority of mankind, standing timidly on the brink, afraid to venture into the unknown, without desire to go beyond the boundary fixed by others who thought they had sounded the great deep, but had merely touched the surface. The birds symbolized the lofty, illuminated souls of all ages,—poets, sages, prophets,—the inspired ones who heeded not the narrow limitations of the past, whose spirits

sorred above the earth, and who gained wider glimpses of the infinite ocean than the earth-bound ones who did not venture beyond the brink.

Among those of the nineteenth century who were thus inspired was Robert Browning, the Wagner of poetry, one of the greatest and noblest of our latter-day singers, and, unfortunately, at the present time the least understood of the master minds of the Victorian age. This is owing, in great part, to the fact that the study of Browning has become a "cult," and the uninitiated have been led to believe that it requires more time and study to become familiar with his works than the average student or worker—those who read and enjoy Shelley, Scott, Burns, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and other poets, and who can quote freely from Shakespeare—can afford to give. Nevertheless, he wrote for the people, not for the select few, and it is a pity that through an utterly mistaken idea the grand and uplifting truths contained in his works should be lost, or, at best, a sealed book, to the masses whom he wished to reach.

While not venturing upon an extended criticism of this great poet and lover of the common people, I wish to glance at a few of the most characteristic and noteworthy of his poems, and to say a few words in regard to the general trend of his works.

His first published poem, "Pauline," written in 1832, when Browning was only twenty years old, and published in 1833, furnishes a striking illustration of the fact that the world is rarely able to realize the worth of God's chosen spirits or the value of what they have given to humanity until after they have passed away, often after years of neglect or contempt. This noble poem received no recognition in the world of letters, and was treated with contempt by some of the leading periodicals of the day. But then, as always, a few who were gifted with finer and clearer perceptions hailed the advent of a new star, recognized a true poet, even as the shepherds and the wise men of the east, illuminated with an interior light, recognized their Lord and Master in the babe whom

ordinary eyes could not distinguish from other children; and paid homage of both heart and soul at the shrine of the divine. Browning's lifelong friend, and the first to recognize his genius, was the Rev. W. Johnson Fox, who at the time "Pauline" was published was editor of a Unitarian magazine, *The Monthly Repository*. He gave the poem a discriminating and critical notice and the liberal measure of praise it deserved. The poet never forgot this early appreciation of his work, and gratefully refers to it in the first stanza of his poem on "Popularity," in which he says:

Stand still, true poet that you are!
I know you; let me try and draw you.
Some night you'll fall us; when afar
You rise, remember one man saw you,
Knew you, and named a star!

Among others who at once recognized his genius were Dante Gabriel Rossetti and John Stuart Mill.

In this same year, 1833, were written "Porphyria's Lover" and "Joannes Agricola," which, with others of his poems, were published in *The Monthly Repository*. In 1834 Browning started on an extensive course of travels, which took him even to the land of the Cossacks, and in 1835 he published "Paracelsus," one of his greatest and most original poems, in which he entirely ignores the conventional forms of poetry, but in which he also shows a marvellous and intuitive insight into the depths of the human heart. After the publication of this poem he became acquainted with the great actor, Macready, and a friendship ensued which led to the production on the stage, under Macready's direction, of Browning's tragedy of "Strafford." As might have been anticipated, however, it did not prove a dramatic success. Browning was then only twenty-five years old. In 1840 appeared "Sordello," a poem so complicated and so overflowing with wild luxuriance of thought that even to the most ardent of the poet's admirers it proved a puzzle. Between 1841 and 1846 he published, in cheap pamphlet form, for "a pit audience," as he expressed it, "Bells and Pomegranates." But the be-

nevolent intentions of the poet were disappointed, for "a pit audience," or indeed an audience supposed to be of higher intelligence, was not then ready to understand or appreciate Browning. The first of this series was that remarkably powerful dramatic poem, "Pippa Passes." Among others of the series were "King Victor and King Charles," and that general favorite, "The Pied Piper," which was written for the amusement of Macready's young son, William.

In 1846 the happiest event of Browning's life took place, his union with the poet, Elizabeth Barrett. They were married on September 12, and immediately started for Italy, which continued to be their home until the death of Mrs. Browning in 1861. To his wife, in 1855, the poet dedicated his series, "Men and Women," in those beautiful lines, which express his deep devotion to her:

This to you—yourself, my moon of poets!
Ah! but that's the world's side, there's the wonder;
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you!
There, in turn, I stand with them and praise you.
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
When I hush and bless myself with silence.

His brief married life, under the sunny skies of Italy, was a poet's dream of happiness. The death of his noble and passionately-loved wife, who had been his inspiration for fifteen years, was an irreparable loss. But we must believe that her spirit constantly hovered near him, and that she continued to inspire him in a still greater degree after she had passed out of the bonds of the flesh, for some of his greatest works were produced after her death, as, for example, "Dramatis Personæ," which contains one of the noblest poems in our language, "Abt Vogler," and "The Ring and the Book," a dramatic poem of great power and strength, and showing a wonderful poetic insight into character. In 1871, ten years after his wife's death, he published "Balaustion's Adven-

tures," which many critics consider one of the most notable and delightful of his works.

Of course it would be impossible in a brief paper to more than mention some of the most remarkable works of one who has produced more poetry than any other English poet. My object is rather to call attention to the spirit underlying his poetry, and, if possible, to induce a more general interest in the interpretation of his works. The popular error and misconception in regard to Browning's "obscurity" is so deeply rooted that it is only by constant effort and reiteration of the fallacy of this view that the great mass of the people will be led to discover for themselves how misleading it is and so enter into the enjoyment of the light which emanated from this daring and lofty genius. It is possible to understand Browning without belonging to a "Browning Society" and without listening to what this critic or that has to say about him. The poet Goethe says: "Seek within yourself and you will find everything; and rejoice that without there lies a Nature that says yea and amen." How profoundly Browning believed in this thought, which is now taking such deep root in the minds and hearts of all who are anxiously seeking to penetrate the veil of the flesh and live the true life, the life *within*, is strongly emphasized in "Paracelsus," wherein the poet expresses his own creed. Paracelsus is made to say:

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe:
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth;
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it and makes all error: and "to know"
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

The illuminati of all the ages,—poets, sages, prophets,—who have glimpsed the almost infinite capabilities within man, have held fast to this great, vivifying truth. Robert Brown-

ing was unquestionably one of these luminous souls. Putting aside all merely doctrinal points and external differences in the forms of worship practised by the various sects, his great heart burning with the love of truth, his whole being animated by the noble spirit of human brotherhood, he has sought to lead the generation of his day into the sublime knowledge of true religion. His constant aim is to emphasize the thought that man's life on earth is a growth, a gradual coming into the knowledge of truth, a preparation for the life of the soul when released from the trammels of the flesh. Let me give here one or two quotations to illustrate this. In his tragedy of "Luria," Domizia says:

How inexhaustibly the spirit grows!
 One object she seemed erewhile born to reach
 With her whole energies and discontent,—
 So like a wall at the world's edge it stood,
 With naught beyond to live for,—is that reached?—
 Already are new undream'd energies
 Outgrowing under, and extending farther
 To a new object; *there's another world!*

The italics are mine. In "A Death in the Desert," the dying John says:

I say that man was made to grow, not stop;
 That help he needed once, and needs no more,
 Having grown up but an inch by, is withdrawn:
 For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.
 This imports solely, man should mount on each
 New height in view; the help whereby he mounts,
 The ladder-rung his foot has left, may fall,
 Since all things suffer change save God the Truth.
 Man apprehends him newly at each stage
 Whereat earth's ladder drops, its service done;
 And nothing shall prove twice what once was proved.

* * * *

God's gift was that man should conceive of Truth
 And yearn to gain it, catching at mistake,
 As midway help till he reached fact indeed.

But while he strenuously insists on the ultimate destiny of the soul and the object of its mission here on earth, he never

loses sight of the value and importance of the corporal part of us, as when he exclaims, in "Rabbi Ben Ezra:"

Let us not always say,
 "Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
 As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry, "All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

All through Browning's poetry we feel a quickening of the spiritual sense, while we recognize a profundity and depth of human interest to be found elsewhere only in Shakespeare. Notice in the following lines from "Abt Vogler" the sublime faith in the Omnipotent Power:

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
 Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
 What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
 Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
 There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;
 The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
 What was good? shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
 On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour,
 The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
 Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

Perhaps the most important feature of Browning's poetry is its *constructiveness*. He sounds the keynote of a fuller, grander life, he fills the mind with lofty ideals, he leads us onward from height to height, teaching us to

Rejoice that man is hurled
 From change to change unceasingly,
 His soul's wings never furled!

and that true happiness lies not in reaching our ideals, for that ultimately would mean stagnation, but in scaling peak after peak, never allowing ourselves to be discouraged by the difficulties of the way until the everlasting heights are reached and the soul's wings are at last furled in peace.

While he did not believe in any particular form of religion as a finality, no one can read his poems, even in the most casual way, without being impressed by his deep religious convictions, his reverence for the soul, before which the intellect must always bow. Everywhere he teaches not to trust to the intellect, rather to give ear to the voice of the soul. In "Sordello" he says:

. divest
Mind of e'en thought, and lo,
God's unexpressed
Will dawns above us!

He believed essentially in the oneness of life; that each of us individually forms but a part of the great whole, in essence, the spirit of the Mighty One. And so his great heart went out in sympathy and in love to all. The following beautiful letter was penned in answer to a lady who had written to him that she was dying, and wished to thank him for all the good she had received from the reading of his poems:

Dear Friend:—It would ill become me to waste a word on my own feelings, except inasmuch as they can be common to us both in such a situation as you describe yours to be, and which, by sympathy, I can make mine by the anticipation of a few years, at most. It is a great thing—the greatest—that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of "genius" as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process when the convictions of "genius" have thrilled my soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ: "Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, he was no man." (*"Savez-vous que je me connais en hommes? Eh bien, celui-là ne fut pas un homme."*) Or as when Charles Lamb,

in a gay fancy with some friends as to how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more—on the final suggestion, "And if Christ entered this room?" changed his manner at once, and stuttered out, as his manner was when moved, "You see, if Shakespeare entered we should all rise; if *He* appeared, we must kneel." Or, not to multiply instances, as when Dante wrote that I will transcribe from my wife's testament, wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago: "Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there, where that lady lives, of whom my soul was enamored."

Dear Friend, I may have wearied you in spite of your good will. God bless you, sustain and receive you. Reciprocate this blessing with yours affectionately,

ROBERT BROWNING.

To a lovable and loving nature, an exuberant fancy, rich in variety, wit, and humor, our poet joined a noble intellect, which was supplemented by a faith in the omnipotence of God so profound and far-reaching that it raised him to that pinnacle which intellect alone never can reach—the throne of the prophet. While a lover of all forms of art, music was with him a passion, and how deeply it stirred his soul, and how fully he entered into its spirit, may well be understood by anyone who has read "Abt Vogler." He combined in a most notable way the spirit of faith, hope, and love; and whoever unites these three within himself is a king among men.

Notwithstanding the spread of Browning societies and literary coteries for the discussion of Browning, the bugbear of his "obscurity" still holds such undisputed sway in the minds of the majority of people—people of discrimination and intelligence—that amongst the great mass of readers he is still little known. But this popularly conceived difficulty, this obstruction in regard to the study of Browning, is largely a myth of the imagination. It is true that the reader of Browning will many times be puzzled and in doubt as to what the poet means, but we must remember that the same rule holds good in the study of this poet's works as in the study of any

other great masterpieces. Why do we not exercise common sense in this matter as in any other? If we go to examine a collection of famous paintings, we do not expect to understand, to appreciate their beauty, to recognize and admire all the details without careful and loving study, without entering into the spirit, the soul, of the artist, as it were. In the same way we cannot fully understand or enjoy the works of great composers if we do not study their meaning, enter into the spirit of the composer until our own soul recognizes and rushes out to meet that other soul which expressed itself in music. Art, music, poetry, all of these, when true to their function, are soul educators. They stimulate us, they rouse us to the exercise of our higher faculties, and instead of coming down to us they draw us up to them. This is their purpose. So, in approaching a great poet, we should be prepared to exercise all our powers, meet him soul to soul, not merely in a spirit of intellectual criticism, nor yet with the idea of passing away an idle hour and being amused with a jingle of words which will not need the exercise of any effort on our part. Browning did not write to amuse or entertain the idle, neither did he write to mystify, as testified by himself in a letter to a friend, in which he says:

"I can have little doubt that my writing has been, in the main, too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game at dominoes to an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts and something over—not a crowd, but a few I value more."

Many are the examples that might be cited from the past to show that some of the greatest and the noblest thinkers among the sons of men were not understood or appreciated by their own generation. This was because their age was not ripe for the thought they had to give. But surely the nineteenth century, which has reaped the fruit of the thought-seed

of all the centuries, will not close under the reproach that it was unable to value at his true worth one of the greatest of her poets. Let those who have hitherto been deterred from reading Browning by the fear of his "obscurity" no longer cut themselves off from the rich treasures to be found in his works. Let them be assured that if there is any obscurity it exists only in their own minds. All light is from within—from the God who dwells in us. There is no darkness or obscurity but that of our own making. There was no greater disciple of this vital truth, no grander Christian (believer in the Christ life) than the noble poet, the true man, the inspired prophet, Robert Browning, whose spirit only a few years ago passed into the realization of the larger life for which his soul yearned.

BOSTON.

EAST AND WEST.

BY PAUL TYNER.

THAT evolution which Herbert Spencer defines as the passage from indefinite incoherent homogeneity to definite coherent heterogeneity, is generally a painful and bloody process when exemplified in human society. This has been particularly true in the development by which the peoples of this continent are slowly but surely blending into a world power, in itself assurance that the principle of democratic government shall not perish from the earth,—that the hope and promise of democracy shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. But our union is bought with a price; the pure gold of American purpose and destiny is tried by fire. We come to wisdom, even in fleeting glimpses, only after being brayed in a mortar. It required the War of Independence to unite the American colonies, or, more correctly, to make a beginning of unification, for the constitutional con-

vention at the close of that war revealed a bitterness of sectional jealousy that for a time threatened a disruption of the loose compact entered into under the Articles of Confederation. It needed the war of 1812 to emphasize the national spirit, the genius of Hamilton to exalt and strengthen the concentration of powers in the hands of the Federal Government (otherwise likely to fall into insignificance), and the broad statesmanship of Jefferson to demonstrate the success of the delicate and tremendously critical experiment of preserving so nice a balance between the Federal power and that of each and every one of the sovereign states from which it sprung, that the needs of each should be sufficiently safeguarded and neither intrench unduly on the other.

It is particularly interesting at this time to recall the fact that in this "teething time" of the infant republic, Jefferson at a single stroke reassured the anti-federalists of the security of state rights, of even state supremacy, and at the same time placed the Federal power itself on an enduring and commanding basis by the Louisiana purchase, a measure which, in the political parlance of to-day, might be considered "imperialistic." Franklin urged by speech and pen the immense importance to the states individually of the common heritage in the splendid Western empire made possible through the trusteeship of the Federal Government. He made them feel that they were enriched by its joint ownership, strengthened by the strength it gave the central power. Wiser than others of his time—wiser indeed than some who, like Daniel Webster a generation later, were for abandoning the whole territory west of the Mississippi as a waste unfit for human habitation—he foresaw that the descendants of the pilgrims, and the great wave of immigrants following them, must push on into the new country brought by this purchase under the American system.

The Mexican War, with its results in the incorporation into the Union of Texas, California, Arizona, and New Mexico, was simply a natural extension of the movement westward—a rectification of our frontier geographically inevi-

table. The same might perhaps be said of the purchase of Alaska—although that measure suggests a violation of the rule that "Nature makes no sudden jumps." The future, and not very distant future, will determine whether the violation is real or only apparent. "Seward's snow farm" is full of possibilities. Making us as near neighbor to Siberia on the north as Manila makes us to China on the south, it may yet play an important part in the Anglo-American alliance and in the partition of Asia, while it is quite on the carpet that its production of gold may eliminate the silver question from politics, American and European, and revolutionize the whole scheme of things industrial now so largely dependent on the maintenance of the corner in gold.

Not to digress farther in this tempting direction, let us note how distinctly East and West were united by the conflict between North and South, and how materially Western brains, valor, and money contributed to the success of the war for the Union. It might almost be said that the war excited by the East was fought and settled by the West. Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Garfield and Rosecrans were all western men. When our armies were disbanded, the West furnished a fertile field for the industry and enterprise of many men whose energies were offered more attractive opportunity beyond the Alleghanies than in the East. So the development of our western country was helped and East and West linked closer, the new emigrants carrying much of the East with them and retaining close touch with the friends and relatives left behind. To the new country, that is the farther West, Southerners also came in large numbers to repair their broken fortunes—mostly men whose spirits were not broken with their fortunes—men daring, adventurous, of knightly bearing and stout resolve. And, in the marvellous development of the country west of the Mississippi which the generation following the war has witnessed, those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray have striven and suffered and toiled and triumphed together, building a network of railways over mountain and plain, drawing treasures

from the bowels of the earth, causing the desert to blossom as the rose and building cities which in this short time have already become centres of a full and teeming life, ripe culture, intellectual movement, and industrial activity, rivalling even the foremost of the older municipalities.

It has been through no mere accident of political manipulation or identity of economic interests that the last three presidential elections revealed a growing consolidation of sentiment in the South and the West, until in 1896 the former "solid South" became a "solid South and West" in adhesion to the democracy on an issue which placed South and West equally in antagonism to the dominant sentiment in the East.

In all parts of the United States there is very general recognition of the fact that one of the great, if not the greatest, results of the war with Spain has been the eradication of the last vestiges of the old bitterness between North and South, the complete reunion of the once sundered sections of our land in the proof of renewed loyalty to the flag of those who once fought against it. The war, with all its horrors and all its cost, will not have been in vain if Americans North and South have through it been brought closer and made to clasp hands in mutual recognition of kinship in men pledged heart and soul in allegiance to a common country standing for a common cause.

To heal the wounds left by a fierce and bloody quarrel is indeed well; to avert that most deplorable of all conflicts, an internecine war, is even better. And while it is not necessary to dwell overmuch on the danger, now that it is past, it is certainly worth while recognizing that we have to thank this same Spanish war for checking, almost in its beginnings, a quickly ripening tendency to an alignment of East against West in a second attempt at national division. During the campaign of 1896, so representative a leader of the best eastern sentiment as Theodore Roosevelt publicly avowed his readiness to lead an armed force to Washington to prevent the inauguration of Mr. Bryan, should he be elected. Neither at the time nor since has this utterance been rebuked by his

party, or by any considerable section of the press in the East. On the contrary, Colonel Roosevelt has since been elected governor of his state. The contest of 1896 was a very close one. Nearly six and a half millions of Americans—most of them living west of the Mississippi and south of Mason and Dixon's line—voted for Mr. Bryan. That his defeat by even this narrow margin was accomplished by unblushing and wholesale bribery and through the intimidation of workers dependent on the great railroad and manufacturing corporations, is not seriously questioned. Democratic leaders like Senator Jones are convinced also that the states of Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana were carried for Mr. McKinley by fraudulent votes. Yet neither before nor after the election was such a threat against McKinley as this of Roosevelt's against Bryan heard in the West. On the contrary, there are, I have no doubt, thousands of Bryan's friends and followers in the Rocky Mountain country who, since Roosevelt's dash up San Juan hill, have been willing to forgive and forget his foolish and un-American ante-election threat, who sincerely congratulate him on his election as governor of New York, and who would have been glad of a chance to vote for him. And this because the West is above all things genuinely and intensely American. There were men in Roosevelt's regiment of rough riders from Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, and the Dakotas who voted for Bryan, and yet are large enough to swear by the Americanism of Roosevelt. These western rough riders fighting side by side with men from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton at Santiago, and Colorado infantry leading in the assault at Manila, are but specimen instances of the burning and widespread patriotism of the West called out by the war and in the presence of which all sectional differences were sunk. And yet the East will never fully understand how much the hope of Democratic success meant to the West; how cruel and trying the disappointment of defeat was felt by those six millions of their fellow citizens who voted for Bryan.

Eastern men thanked Heaven that the cause of "honest money" had triumphed. Western men asked, "How long, O Lord, how long?" In the silver states, seven years or so of business paralysis, low wages, low prices, and general dread and uncertainty consequent on the destruction of the chief industry of the section had eaten into the hearts of the people and made the issue of 1896 a burning one. The restoration of the white metal to our coinage meant to their minds more than a restoration of material prosperity; it meant a vindication of truth and justice, a recognition of honesty and fairness between man and man, an end to long-suffering bondage to the money-lender,—a consummation devoutly to be wished, bravely, prayerfully, hopefully worked for. The defeat of these hopes, with the certainty of four years more of eclipse for the silver cause, seemed to many people more than they could bear. It is not intended to revive discussion of the silver question here. Readers of *THE ARENA* have had facts and argument on that subject sufficient to last them a while; the campaign of 1896 is over, and "there are other pebbles on the beach." But I feel most earnestly that there is need in the East of some realizing sense of what the struggle for free coinage meant to the West and how the failure of that struggle affected the mental attitude of the average Westerner towards the East. How could he help feeling that destiny had decreed the drawing of a longitudinal line of separation? Outrageous as was the campaign characterization of the silver men as "anarchists," "lunatics," "knaves," and "fools," unblushingly resorted to by Eastern journals and speakers, it was hoped that this condemnation would be reversed at the polls. Seemingly, it was concurred in. The defection in the Chicago convention of Democratic leaders notoriously identified with the corporation and moneyed interests was met philosophically. That any considerable number of voters among the great common people could be coaxed, cajoled, or coerced into like desertion, was not seriously anticipated. The result was a sad surprise. It created a new situation. It made possible a "separation" sentiment deep-rooted in the

primal instinct of self-preservation, a sentiment which bade fair to grow apace and to transform feeling into action with startling suddenness and decision, until checked by the war with Spain.

It were inaccurate, not to say unjust, to confound this "separation" sentiment with the "secession" spirit of the old South. The position was boldly taken that the oligarchy whose stronghold is on the banks of the Hudson had already virtually seceded from the Union—that foes of our own household, more dangerous than any foreign enemy to the perpetuity of the Union and of republican institutions, having gained possession of the governmental machinery at Washington, the time had arrived to rally the friends of freedom in the West and reorganize the trans-Mississippi commonwealths—so long despised, misjudged, reviled, neglected, and at last abandoned by the East—with a federal seat centrally situated in the inter-mountain country. Even before election day it was felt that this course might be necessary in the event of Bryan's election, should it be followed by successful armed resistance to his inauguration on the part of those like-minded with Mr. Roosevelt and controlled by the money element so conspicuous in Mr. McKinley's support. "If we can't seat our President in Washington, we'll seat him in Denver," is the way more than one man expressed it.

It has required nearly a generation to cool the passions of war sufficiently to enable men north and south to recognize frankly that the mutual accusations of scoundrelism and imbecility that filled the air during the heat of conflict, and for years after, were in the main senseless and unfounded and that the people of each section, while honestly differing, acted each according to their highest conceptions of patriotism and right. It is to be hoped that the bitterness of feeling between East and West aroused by the campaign of 1896 will disappear more speedily. There is, indeed, every reason to expect that this will be the case. Not to mention the evidence of western loyalty to the flag furnished during the recent unpleasantness, the West, for reasons already cited, is

very close to the East—much closer than the South can be. The West is to New England what New England is to Old England. The ties between the sections rest primarily, perhaps, on those common interests in progressive development of the natural resources of our common country on which Franklin based his plea for greater unity among the infant states. Eastern money is largely invested in the West; Western profits are to a great extent spent in the East or exchanged for Eastern manufactures. Eastern financial centres are supported in large measure by the tribute levied on Western crops and their moving and again on the European money received for exportations of Western crops and railroad securities. Like the darky's coon trap, Wall Street and State Street "catches him a-comin' and a-gwine." To that interest a century of national life has added a hundred others, many of them of a higher and more enduring character. Carl Schurz in a recent article protesting against the policy of territorial expansion insisted that the American mission lies nearer home than the Philippines, in "the subduing and civilizing of our own continent." Riding over Kansas and Nebraska prairies, across the plains of Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico, and journeying through the Rockies and the Sierras on to the Pacific Coast, using his eyes and ears, and *feeling* the life of these brother and sister Americans who are carrying on this grand mission, should not the Eastern man's imagination be stirred, his sympathies—aye, his admiration and gratitude—be aroused? While celebrating the old Puritans and other pioneers of the past, we should not forget the pioneers of to-day. The railroad has supplanted the "prairie schooner," and the life of the modern pioneer, lacking perspective, may lack the romantic glow and color. None the less it is heroic, if hardship bravely borne means heroism; if stubborn struggle against tremendous odds is heroism; if patient toil day after day and year after year—in spite of stinted returns—is heroism; if willing sacrifice for the sake of advancing those who shall come after them is heroism. If, through all this narrow-

ing of the personal life on every hand, there are preserved, ever so dimly, earlier ideals, aspirations and ambitions towards that genuine culture which is of the spirit—then have we pioneers to-day who are heroes indeed.

The West is proud—proud to boastfulness. It wants none of your maudlin eastern pity for its struggles and hardships and sufferings. Still less can it tolerate that "certain condescension" which Richard Grant White noted in foreigners towards Americans and which eastern people have in turn acquired in regard to the West. Our brothers on the line of the "course of empire" resented hotly, righteously, and with amazed surprise a few years ago President Cleveland's suggestion of the West as a field for missionary effort. The successes won by the West—its cities, its railroads, its mines, its bonanza farms, and its millionaires—have been made so much of that it is not strange the other side has been overlooked. One consequence has been that these successes have lacked the greater appreciation a better understanding of that which underlies them should elicit, and have really intensified the misunderstanding of the whole western spirit and atmosphere that has so greatly clouded eastern judgment. Cultivated people in Colorado have frequently expressed surprise at the difficulty in getting their eastern friends to understand the silver question. Was this not really part and parcel of the ignorance or indifference of the East as to the West generally; of the satisfaction with certain superficial preconceptions standing in the way of even a desire to know the West as it really is?

There is something terribly pathetic in the faces of the millions of our kindred in the West who are bearing the brunt of the battle in the burden and heat of the day for the carrying forward of the grand work of "subduing the continent" which we are so proud to accept as the heaven-sent duty and privilege of the American nation. These men, women, and children on Western prairie farms, on ranches, and in mining camps, struggling with starvation of mind and body, are heroes all, as I have said,—heroes and martyrs, although "un-

wept, unhonored, and unsung." For it is worth bearing in mind that the great bulk of our Western population is not only rural, but of the pioneer class; and that if the pioneer has claims to consideration *after* he has made his pile and moved East or died, he has all the greater claims while still in the field fighting our battle as well as his own. He doesn't want much. He is content to see miles of freight cars roll by from the East empty and return loaded day after day. He is unvexed by envy when Pullman sleepers and diners flying by or stopping at his station afford him glimpses of comfort and luxury made possible to others by his life and labors, but far beyond his own possibilities of enjoyment. Like the soldier, he accepts struggle and short rations as "all in the day's work." He declines sympathy and condescension; he demands fair play.

The West has never been wanting in appreciation or gratitude for all she derived and still derives from the East. Dr. Hamilton Mabie brings this out strongly in his sensible and suggestive article in the November *Atlantic* on "The Intellectual Movement in the West." But it is time there was turn about. Nothing could be blinder and narrower than the provincial arrogance of the easterner in taking exclusive credit to himself for the accumulation of wealth and development of culture that happens to be centred for the most part in eastern cities. Much of the best of all that we have builded into the edifice of American character and American power in fields spiritual and fields material has been contributed by our western land and our western people. Let us share our honors fairly, even if we are not yet ready to share as we should in the labors and the results of the labors of those who have been and are still pushing back the western border of civilization and culture. Let those of us who are of the East understand that those of us who are of the West are men and brothers whose sincerity and sense go without question; a people endowed with at least an equal share of reasoning power with our fellows in the East, knowing what we want and neither dishonest nor unreasonable in our demands for economic re-

form, whether it be free silver, the single tax, direct legislation, proportional representation, or government ownership of natural monopolies. In proposing these reforms, the spirit of the West has been, "Come, let us reason together." The East in response has, as a rule, simply reiterated the dogmas brought in question, following this up by a course suggestive of the legal axiom, "No case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney." The East should take into account the fact that western people are, generally speaking, made more awake by their environment to the pressure of these problems and so have been led to give to economic questions more careful study than they receive in the East. It would hardly be stretching a point to instance the vote for Bryan in the last presidential election as the vote of those who were informed on the currency question and the vote against him as representing, in the main, a lack of information on the subject.

I do not wish to be understood as entering a special plea for the West against the East. My plea is for a better mutual understanding. In working out the grand destiny of the American spirit, East and West are essential each to the other. The fullest and most harmonious understanding and coöperation are required to bring out the best in both. It may be that, in some particulars, the West is quite as lacking in understanding and appreciation of the East as the East is of the West. Possibly there is a tendency to invidious comparison, in which the East is underrated and the West overrated. Western patriotism may be geographical and extensive, and Eastern patriotism historical and intensive. This at some stage of our national development is inevitable. As we go on, I look to see each of these tendencies modified by the other. We need more depth and stability in the West; more of the expanded vision of the plains and of the clear air of the mountains in the East. What is essential is that as Americans we should cordially share as a common heritage both Bunker Hill and Pike's Peak.

East and West are both moving forward in the mighty migration of the race which the opening of the twentieth century

will see accomplished—a migration circling the globe, gathering force and momentum in its course and big with promise for humanity's future. "Westward the course of Empire takes its way"—but it starts from the East and returns to the East. The discovery of America was but an incident in Columbus's search for a westward passage to the Indies. Other daring and hardy navigators, bent on the same quest, explored our coast north and south and blazed the way for conquest and colonization that changed the map of the world and profoundly affected the whole course of human history. Even down to our own day, the western exploration which has furnished many shining chapters in American annals had for its chief object the opening of a trade route to and from the Orient. The statue of Frémont in St. Louis represents "The Pathfinder" facing and pointing westward, while the inscription on the base explains, "THIS WAY LIES THE EAST." At the very time that cable communication was established between Europe and America, under the Atlantic, George Kennan was making his way through to Siberia by way of the Alaskan wilds and Behring's strait, surveying a line for an all-land telegraph from New York to Moscow. The success of the Atlantic cable caused the abandonment of that mission, but the journey probably suggested a subsequent visit to Siberia with results in the visitor's revelations of Muscovite ruthlessness that now bid fair to interfere seriously with Russia's plans in the East so far as they depend on American sympathy or Anglican isolation. And now the stars and stripes float from Manila at the very gates of the great empire of China—the land and the people who mean "the East" in the fullest sense of the phrase. East and West, the races have come together. An incident in a war for humanity makes America leader among the world powers, placing us in an arena in which nations are the contestants and the destiny of the race in the balance, at a crisis the most momentous in the history of the planet. This does not mean that the former field of our activity, circumscribed by our old territorial limits, is to be abandoned or neglected. It does mean that,

with expanded vision and expanded powers, we are to deal with affairs both at home and abroad from the higher standpoint of human welfare—to deal with each other not sectionally, but humanly—the national consciousness is to be developed into the racial consciousness. Those who imagine that with larger responsibilities and a broader field of action the nation will feel less keenly or discharge less effectively those duties that lie nearer home, seem to me shortsighted and inconsistent. Such opposition to “territorial expansion,” as the new policy is rather inadequately named, is of a piece with the opposition to the Revolution of 1776, to the union of the States in the Constitutional Convention, to the Louisiana purchase, to the acquisition of Texas and California, to the war for the Union, and to the enfranchisement of woman and the negro. Such opposition not merely expresses the timidity of conservatism; it also smacks of that narrow and rigid conception of the vital purpose and powers of our American democracy that has ever marked the “Bourbon.” And the “bourbonism” of Massachusetts Republicans to-day is as moss-backed as that of the Virginia Democrats in '61. Provincialism is ever a foe to progress, the fostering mother of just the sort of feeling which set North and South at each other's throats a generation ago, and which has come perilously near provoking bad blood between East and West. And the only cure for provincialism is an intensification of the patriotism that means life and growth, which identifies the American name with the peace and good will among men made possible only through statesmanship based on the broadest recognition of human equality, and freedom in fraternal love. As a world power, we will be too great to be unjust to the weakest, either among our own citizens or among sister nations. The South will be shamed into showing fair play to the freedmen; the negroes will be dignified into a sense of responsibility, the East will divest itself of its arrogance toward the West, and the West will tone down its brashness into the more serene and certain demeanor becoming the character of a country whose greatness is not merely self-asserted,

but assured by the world's recognition. To sum up, this expansion of the American "sphere of influence" and of action means growth all over. There is no rational reform that will not be immensely helped and quickened by it; there is no iniquity which it will not tend to extinguish. Not for America alone, but in every land under the sun, American expansion must bring the dawn of freedom, the end of oppression—an impulse mighty and irresistible towards the enthronement of exact and equal justice to all men as the rule of conduct both between man and man and between nation and nation.

Though we break our fathers' promise we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God!

* * * * *

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps the electric thrill.

COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON.

JAPAN AS A POWER IN THE PACIFIC.

BY C. PFOUNDEN.

THE successful career of the Japanese has taken the world by surprise, and Occidental statesmen have been aroused to an appreciation of the fact that a power has risen in the Pacific arena which must be reckoned with in future. It is the unexpected that happens, to those only who are uninformed and unprepared. There are a few who had observed recent developments and were therefore in a position to foresee the coming struggle; but their warning has been unheeded amidst the clamor of more immediate interests. Now that the victories of the Japanese army and navy have been followed by many triumphs in diplomacy, a rude awakening has come; the peoples of the Occident are face to face with a powerful Oriental competitor in the arts of war, diplomacy, industry, and commerce.

After experience with Europeans for a little more than half a century, the Japanese closed their country, cutting off intercourse with the outer world from the beginning of the seventeenth century; and they rigorously maintained their isolation for two hundred and fifty years. This heroic measure—it may be considered by some as a desperate expedient—was resorted to in order to preserve internal peace and to preclude the possibility of a continuance of foreign interference.

Suspensions of threatening dangers were aroused by the Spanish claims to supremacy, especially after 1580, when the Portuguese possessions were seized. The Roman pontiff, the Spanish king, and the Church were placed before the converts in an exalted light, to the detriment of the prestige of the mikado; of the chief of the feudal system, the shogun, of the indigenous cults and of Buddhism. Loyalty, patriotism, and religious prejudices were excited to antagonism, and

the conduct of the propagandists, together with the converts participating in armed resistance to the authorities, culminated in expulsion, in persecution, and in martyrdom.

The continued turmoil between Europeans, who carried their quarrels to the Far East, confirmed the Japanese in their policy of exclusion; they would not entertain any overtures, refusing even to communicate with those who endeavored to restore shipwrecked Japanese to their homes. At Nagasaki, the Hollanders were permitted a trading station, under arbitrary restrictions, and that was the only channel of communication with the outer world.

During the early years of the present century, whalers and a few trading vessels commenced to frequent the Pacific; the majority sailing under the American flag, many hailing from New Bedford, Mass. Honolulu was the central rendezvous in the then inhospitable waste of waters. There were few ports where ships in distress or shipwrecked seafarers could find a welcome and relief.

The influx of gold-seekers and other fortune-hunters to California, after 1848, caused a speedy and enormous increase of the ships in the Pacific Ocean, and steamers also appeared on the coasts.

The long-debated question of Japan's isolated and inhospitable policy became urgent; the interests of the United States were now paramount, and with the sympathy of England, Russia, and other nations, America took the lead by despatching an expedition commanded by Commadore Perry, who would not take a refusal.

The executive at Yedo (now Tokyo)—the defunct Shogunate*—conscious of the impossibility of longer refusing to communicate with foreigners, temporized, and the thin edge of the opening wedge was inserted. The Americans demanded further concessions; the British and the French followed, supported by their fleets; and treaties were exacted, a

* Called Tycoon in consequence of Chinese interpreters employed at the time using the word as a title of respect.

few ports being opened to ships, residence, and trade, under restrictions.

Certain of the provincial magnates, chiefs of the great clans, opposed the action of the Tokugawa Shogunate executive, and a decade of turmoil ensued, culminating in the collapse of feudalism and the restoration of the mikado to the executive power.

After a brief transition period, the executive accepted the position, as regards foreign intercourse, and it was resolved to abandon mediæval outward forms, and place Japanese affairs on the same level as those of the most highly civilized foreign countries. Every branch of the public administration, including education, was speedily reorganized. The army, navy, police, mail and transport service, public offices, and private houses, food, clothing, and other matters were gradually changed to conform with foreign models. Many foreigners were employed; and the Japanese, ever eager to travel abroad, obtained permission to do so, the government assisting promising selected students.

Notwithstanding that a conservative reaction has set in, the Japanese have made wonderful progress in their adoption of foreign ideas and methods. A constitutional form of government has been adopted, with a House of Representatives elected by a limited constituency, the franchise being given to only a small percentage of the population. Provincial Assemblies have also been established, and civil and criminal codes, revised on the model of those of France, have been introduced. The army, recruited by conscription from amongst all classes, has been clothed, fed, and drilled according to the latest approved European methods, and is being steadily augmented. The navy, organized with the assistance of British and other foreign naval officers, has been increased as rapidly as the finances permitted. Dockyards and arsenals have been established, where the largest ships afloat can be docked and all repairs effected.

A mercantile marine has been created, in the first instance

by the purchase of steamers that were offered at very cheap prices by foreign owners who wished to get the older vessels off their hands, new and economical ships and machinery coming forward. Recently, steamers, some of them of large size, have been built to the order of the Japanese; and in 1897 there were 570 steamers of 363,223 tons, and 165 sailing vessels of 27,111 tons; also a very large number of small steam-launches and other craft, for the inland waters and the coast, besides innumerable native vessels of old-fashioned model.

Telegraph lines cross the islands in every direction. Telephones are in use in the chief towns. Electric lighting is being introduced generally. There are electric and other trams. Over 3,000 miles of railways are in operation. Machinery of every kind has been introduced by the government and by private enterprise.

The large amount of money going out of the country annually alarmed the economists and patriots, and strenuous efforts have been made to make in Japan everything needed in the country. Success has encouraged the hope that manufacture for export may become a source of national wealth in the near future.

All these radical changes and astonishing developments have been within the past three decades. Those who wore two swords—the privileged clansmen—are still in their prime, and a very strong undercurrent of the traditional conservatism still survives. Those who have had experience of foreigners and have been abroad, do not as a rule venture to express themselves too enthusiastically when amongst their compatriots, the attitude of the captious critic being general.

The population of the islands is so rapidly increasing that the rice and other annual food crops are insufficient, and attention has been directed to other promising fields. Korea has been from ancient times a coveted region. Tradition relates a successful invasion in 200 A. D., and there has been frequent intercourse. Another Japanese warlike expedition was sent there during the latter part of the sixteenth century;

but after a series of victories it was hastily withdrawn in consequence of troubles at home. The Koreans were coerced into following the example of Japan, and treaties were made with Japan and other nations. The Japanese introduced their troops and police into Korea, and for many years there was a strong party in Japan that wished to reduce the peninsula to subjection, first severing the link that bound it to China. It has been feared that Russia would step in; and as the completion of the long-projected trans-Siberian railway would strengthen Russia on the Pacific, prompt measures have been advocated. It is stated that the so-called Satsuma rebellion was precipitated by disputes connected with these projects.

The savage semi-independent tribes of Formosa having killed several shipwrecked islanders, Japanese subjects, and the Chinese officials failing to punish them, the Japanese sent an expedition to the southern part of the island and attacked the natives, following them into the hills. The Japanese had learned some lessons from the action of foreign governments, of which they had experience in the past.

The inevitable struggle with China had been long contemplated by the Japanese, who had sent trusty compatriots to explore the continent for many years beforehand. The incidents leading up to the late war are now history; but it may be interesting to note that there were many Japanese who expressed their belief "that the country was allowed to drift into the conflict intentionally, so as to divert politicians from home affairs," as there was a deadlock amongst the rival factions at the time.

The Japanese, with a promptitude and efficiency that evoked much laudatory comment, concentrated, embarked, and transported their troops and material of war to the continent, and their progress was triumphant. "On to Peking" was the popular demand; and when the representatives of the several foreign powers attempted to intervene, in the hopes of bringing the struggle to a speedy conclusion, the overtures were repulsed without ceremony. The Chinese, at the same time,

being, with characteristic arrogance, slow to accept the fact of defeat, were unwilling to sue for peace, trusting that something would occur in their favor, such as foreign intervention or sickness amongst the Japanese troops. It was hoped also to exhaust the resources of the Japanese. The "Grand Old Man" of China—though wounded in the face by a bullet fired at him by a would-be assassin, a young Japanese ruffian—discussed the terms of the treaty with the leading statesmen of Japan, the Marquis Ito, the premier, the framer of the constitution, and the future "Grand Old Man" of Japan, taking the lead.

Korea was created an independent state, vassalage to China ceasing; Formosa became Japanese territory; the Japanese were to retain the Liau-tung peninsula and the ships captured; a large indemnity was to be promptly paid; and the Japanese were to remain in possession of Wei-hai-wei until the money was handed over. Then Russia, securing the support of Germany and France, intervened; Japan must evacuate the peninsula. The Japanese, elated by their successes, were infuriated, many were disappointed by the treaty of peace cutting short the career of conquest that appeared to open out before them. The reckless irresponsibles would, if they could, have plunged the nation into a war with the powers intervening. Fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed.

Popular sentiment was astutely availed of by those interested in militarism to obtain sanction for a programme of expansion of the army and navy commensurate with the position which had been gained by the nation, and such as would secure freedom from coercion by any power or probable combination of powers in future. The indemnity was the "inexhaustible purse" to furnish the purchase money for ships, armament, and material. The Japanese navy, already formidable, was increased by the ships adroitly captured from the Chinese, and orders were placed in Europe and America for a number of the fastest and most heavily armed vessels that could be constructed. The majority of these have al-

ready arrived in Japan. A number of regiments are being added to the army, and the arsenals, gun factories, and workshops are all busy.

The large fleet of merchant steamers being inadequate, although many foreign vessels were chartered to replace the Japanese vessels taken over by the government, more than fifty large steamers and some smaller vessels were purchased as transports. Orders were sent abroad to build a number of steamers of large size, and subsidies were to be granted to those fulfilling certain requirements. Most of the new large vessels have now arrived, materially increasing the tonnage given for last year.

At the conclusion of the war employment had to be found for the large number of vessels which the government had acquired; and there are now vessels under the Japanese flag leaving Japanese ports for Europe and way ports fortnightly; for Seattle, monthly; for San Francisco, a regular line of large vessels specially built to commence shortly; for Australasia, monthly; for Bombay, monthly; and for Hongkong, Shanghai, Vladivostock, Tientsin, Newchwang, Formosa, and ports in Yezo, at short intervals. There are also frequent departures from all coast points, calling at intermediate ports; in addition to the mail-contract steamers. Competition with foreign mail and other lines is keen, and as a large subsidy is obtained, the vessels are kept running irrespective of freight or passenger earnings. Although the Japanese have some advantages, and use all their influence to obtain cargoes, in competition they fall behind in despatch; and there are other reasons that weigh with foreign shippers. Heavy losses are reported on working expenses, and there are frequent shipwrecks.

The long-pending treaty revision has been achieved by the Japanese, and in August, 1899, their hearts' desire will be consummated, and the treaties forced upon the defunct Shogunate will lapse. Extra-territoriality, which has been so galling to the Japanese, will cease, and all aliens will be under Japanese jurisdiction thereafter.

Post-bellum finance has been a troublesome question, notwithstanding the receipt of the indemnity, and a desperate expedient was resorted to in the adoption of the gold standard. Japan has since been placed at a disadvantage with silver countries, such as China and India, and many industries have been disastrously affected.

Formosa has proved troublesome and costly, the Chinese on the mainland, across the narrow straits, inciting and assisting the turbulent and lawless element in resisting their new masters. The Japanese were not at first very conciliatory, and the officials were irritatingly meddlesome and officious, but experience has brought about some improvement.

In Korea the deplorable incident of the assassination of the Queen Dowager, in which Japanese were proved to have been implicated, was followed by a period of Russian dominancy.

Germany appeared at Kyau-chau and, as some think, precipitated the climax. The Japanese needed money, and the payment of the balance of the indemnity was falling due. To have expressed any desire to remain at Wei-hai-wei might have encouraged the Chinese to postpone payment, and the Japanese remained silent; they had therefore no claim to the Shantung peninsula. The usual formal protests were made, but the Germans had made up their minds to settle permanently.

The Russians then appeared at Port Arthur, and from the very first it was evident that they were to stay. An ice-free terminus on the coast for the trans-Siberian railway was absolutely necessary, and it was essential to be able to defend so important a strategic point. The protests of England and of Japan were futile. The Japanese people were indignant at being thus supplanted, but the storm passed over; they had become inured to Russian intrigue, and finances at home did not permit of their rushing into war.

Wei-hai-wei without the back country would have been costly and unproductive to the Japanese. England stepped into the place as soon as the Japanese evacuated it. Even the

Japanese laugh at England for having being outwitted by Russia.

The war over, and the heroes returned, fêted, and made a fuss over, the people began to tire of the fireworks, flags, and demonstrations under official tutelage. Then the cost was reckoned up. Necessaries of life had advanced in price to nearly double the rates of *ante-bellum* days; incomes were not increased in the case of the majority, a few skilled trades only receiving advances equivalent to the enhanced cost of living. The efforts of the partisan demagogues and irresponsible scribblers to create popular excitement failed, although there were some noisy demonstrations, and changes in the personnel of the cabinet took place.

Post-bellum expanded aspirations had induced speculation, but many enterprises that promised well have not justified the hopes of those who invested in them.

The promoters of almost every enterprise seek material aid from the public treasury in the initial stages and when in difficulties. Subsidies have been granted, and the enormous increase of expenditure has necessitated additional taxation. Now the landed interests are refusing to share in the burden, causing the dissolution of the House of Representatives—only recently elected—and the resignation of the cabinet of veterans.

Japanese aspirations are being thwarted. Russia monopolizes the northeastern region of Asia, and means to have Korea eventually. Germany, England, and France have acquired preëemptive rights to the south. Now America's annexation of Hawaii has been precipitated by the war with Spain, and Japan's chances in the other islands of the Pacific have been reduced to the minimum.

The shadow of the Colossus of the North haunts the Japanese, and they feel their isolation. Proposals for alliance with one of the great powers have been advocated; with England by preference, as against Russia; and if the United States could be included, so much the better. The Japanese have entered into competition with the great powers in bidding for

the mentorship of the Chinese, and an imperial prince, who is also president of the House of Peers, has publicly expressed an opinion that has been very popular, "that an alliance with the Chinese, to resist the aggression of the Occidental races, is the only hope of the Asiatics."

Expansion being checked in every direction, and emigration being considered inadequate as a relief to future congestion of population, the Japanese are now face to face with many serious problems. The resources of the country are being severely taxed at present, and the potentialities of the future, though undoubtedly great, are seriously embarrassed by the lack of cheap capital. How long the present pace can be maintained depends upon the willingness of the people to be taxed and to consent to measures that will attract foreign capital at low rates of interest. As an industrial and commercial people the Japanese have shown that they are possessed of much ability; but in competition with the Occident there are some vital points regarding which experience will have to be gained at no little cost, judging from the past.

The possession of a powerful fleet, a large army, and numerous transports by a nation in which the military spirit is predominant, and in which loyalty, patriotism, and attachment to the land and its traditions form a strong bond of union, places triumphant Japan in the front rank amongst the peoples of Asia. In the Far East the Japanese have assumed the leadership. They now consider that they are entitled to claim a hearing in the councils of the nations on an equality with the powers of the Occident, and they demand that they shall be consulted in all matters affecting the extreme Orient. They are prepared to exact a share in all advantages acquired by other nations, or equivalents, and they are perfectly conscious of their ability to extend their influence and to enforce their rights.

A new era is being inaugurated in the Pacific arena. The United States is extending its responsibilities by annexing islands; Russia, when the trans-Siberian railway is completed, will take a foremost place; Germany has entered

the arena; and other powers are vigilant, awaiting their opportunity. The completion of a canal across Central America will cause further changes; Australasia, New Zealand, British Columbia, and other colonies of the Anglo-Saxon races are growing; the Pacific Coast States of the Americas have a great future before them; the various groups of Pacific islands are rising to importance; and the Chinese are being coerced, by influences within and without, to mend their ways and awake from their lethargic obstructiveness.

Japan has become a factor which must henceforth be recognized as a powerful though not necessarily controlling influence in the future of the Pacific.

KOME, JAPAN.

CHILDREN OF THE SEA.

BY WILLIAM J. ROE.

Greater grows the world and wiser for the blood that she has
spilt,

And the land of freedom reckons with the arms that dare im-
pede;

Stands the mailed civilizer, with one hand upon the hilt,

And the other gently beckons to the lowly she has freed.

There are glories more enduring, greatness greater than the past,
When the flood of conquest falling shall have left the lowlands
free,

When for aye, old evils curing, shall the seed of good be cast;—
Hear the new archangel calling to the children of the sea.

Steadfast stand the States United, shrill the fife, and loud the
drum,

And the starry banners flaunting float along the seried lines;
For the wrongs our arms have righted hear old Cuba cry, "We
come,"

And Puerto Rico chanting answers to the Philippines.

Greet the greater nation blended with a new triumphal song,

And for Reason's reign undying gather in the states to be;

For a conquest swift and splendid over nature rude and wrong,
Hear the new Archangel crying to the children of the sea.

THE PATRIOT:
A STORY OF THE WAR.

BY HULBERT FULLER, M. D.

I.

"ANNIE, I'm going to enlist."
"Oh, Harold!"

Her reply was gasped half audibly, but it arrested him, probably as no other protest would have done. He turned away from the window, whence he had been looking moodily out on the now well-nigh deserted street, where a volunteer company had just passed, sweeping it clear of idlers in its splendid parade. Every otherwise unemployed being had followed after the procession to see it embark at the station on its way to Chickamauga.

"Well," he urged hopelessly, turning towards her where she sat nursing the child, "what else am I to do, Annie? You know we can't go on in this way."

Annie made no reply, but rocked slowly back and forth, humming a monotonous lullaby. She had attempted to solve that conundrum many times for a year past, but she had given it up. She confessed she did not know. At any rate she refused to think of it, if possible, any more. It did no good to worry incessantly; and, at the worst, perhaps God would take care of them.

"Only, don't go away, Harold," she pleaded; "don't leave me. Anything but that! See, isn't the baby pretty when he sleeps?"

A ray of sunshine fell athwart the upturned face of the child, so tiny, so sweet, all pink and pearl, like a shell at sunrise.

"Sh—h! don't look at him so. You will wake him," she warned.

Kneeling silently, he kissed the child, then Annie's lips,

tiptoed across the room, where he found his hat, and passed out.

He was out of work; he had been out of work for a year. Perhaps, though, now that so many clerks had gone off to the war he might be able to find a position at something—it didn't matter much what. His training had been in the jewelry line heretofore. He had entered a store on first leaving school ten years before, and had stayed with the firm as salesman until the business was eventually absorbed by a large department store. Only the stock had been absorbed, however; not the salesmen. The industrial world, unfortunately, took no annual inventory of its clerks left over, as it did of its other stocks and commodities.

"Can you give me a position to-day, sir?" he asked, entering the first large store he came to, and seeking the general manager.

"Oh, no; my gracious, no! Why, haven't you read in the papers how many of our men we have just let go on half-pay on account of the war?"

"Yes, sir, I know that," Harold answered courteously; "but I thought that would be just the reason why you might need some new men. I am sorry to have troubled you, sir. Good-morning," and he backed towards the door.

The general manager dropped his daily paper, obviously struck with the reply. "Why, of course," he admitted; "I never thought of that, though I see now why you called. The fact is, I suppose, we become so absorbed here in our own plans and necessities that we never pause to consider how the world outside regards us. Ha! ha! I see now. They think that we deserve to be called philanthropists for letting fifty or more of our men go away to the war on half-pay, do they? when the plain truth is that we would rather they should go than not. We don't need them, you know, and yet we haven't the heart to discharge them altogether. See?"

Harold saw; he was gratified, moreover, at this somewhat unusual frankness and generosity on the part of a great firm. "I should like to work here," he added, hungrily.

"Well, I'll take your name," said the manager. "We shan't need any more men this summer; though you may drop in again along about the holidays, if you please."

Harold thanked him and went out. It was the middle of May; he knew it would be impossible for him to wait until the holidays for employment. Accordingly he continued the rounds; the same old circuit that he had haunted day after day, week after week, in search of that miracle of modern industrialism, a job. In one place he might have obtained employment as a bookkeeper, but they naturally refused to try a man without experience. And so in other places, where, if he had only had experience in various lines other than his own, the result might have been more to his advantage; at least such tantalizing possibilities crowded his mind and refused to be satisfied. As if, had the jewelry salesman only been a drug clerk, or the drug clerk a doctor, the doctor a lawyer, the lawyer a preacher, the preacher a pope, and if the bass singer could only sing tenor,—and the tenor bass,—then all of them might have found jobs in this absurd, unregulated world of ours.

Homeward he turned wearily, as the sun mounted high in the south. In the downtown district the great store and office buildings had been ablaze with bunting; and now, as he walked on, past the granite mansions of the millionaires living along the boulevard, and into the humbler streets of brick flats and frame cottages, the windows of all alike were draped with flags and banners symbolic of national union, of national love, and a Christian hand to the helpless. More of the joy and gladness of some gala day than of war was the city's marvellous face; youthful and quiet, self-contained, and yet so full of the consciousness of power withal. A maiden passed him on the street, a bit of jasmine in her hair and a huge stem of lingering lilac in either hand. She just glanced at him, and smiled. "Poor fellow! why need he look so sad?" she wondered. "Isn't the day bright and balmy? isn't God good to us? and isn't ours the most glorious country on earth?"

The challenge beamed from her eyes; he read it plainly.

But somehow he didn't feel very patriotic. He didn't seem to possess any palpable share in this gayly decorated world, where the barest chance to work and to live had been so persistently denied him.

II.

"Bah! I don't believe a word of it, Stafford. You don't believe it yourself, I swear! You're talking through your hat!"

Lieutenant Stafford smiled, but removed the offending hat, the which, after all, was only a fatigue cap, and obviously couldn't have been a very pleasant thing to talk through.

"My dear fellow," said he, "your refutation does you credit, although it strikes me that I have heard the same convincing argument before. It is a trifle threadbare. See? I have answered it—as it merits." He laid the cap on the table, whistling a fragment of "I cannot sing the old songs" very softly, *con amore*.

The other continued to pace the floor, twisting his mustache nervously. His mind had received a shock; it had come in the shape of an idea; and clearly it offended him. There are some minds that abhor an idea worse than they do a vacuum. Lieutenant Jones's was of this order. He was an excellent soldier.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Stafford! just drop awhile on that idiotic old tune, can't you?"

Stafford looked up innocently. "Why, Jones," he expostulated, "I thought that tune would just suit you. It's conservative, you know—nothing dangerous or revolutionary about it; contains no new idea. But I see how it is; you do confess, after all, to being a trifle radical about your music. Doubtless you prefer Sousa." And again he whistled.

"Oh, no; never mind! The devil! But what I do say is this, Stafford, that if I thought any of these men who have come in here to-day to enlist have done so out of gaunt despair and necessity, why, then, I'd throw up my commission in disgust. That's what I should do! Do you hear?"

Stafford nodded. "Very romantic in you, Jones, I'm sure. And what next?"

"What next?"

"Of course. You have no sugar stock, I believe, and no rich uncle about to die. It's said to be rather a tough world for the good, the beautiful, and the poor in purse, my dear fellow. But I suppose you would fall on your sword, like Saul, and have it over with at once."

"Nonsense! I'd do nothing of the sort. I'd get a job!"

Stafford looked at him doubtfully. "You might teach school, perhaps," he admitted, "or drive a cab."

"Pshaw! I'd be a man, I tell you. I should go in for business, and beat the world at its own game. There's no reason in one's being out of work when one really seeks it."

Stafford said nothing, but sat there musing soberly for a space, while Jones continued to stride up and down, pausing anon at the window to glance up the street and see whether any more recruits were in sight. It had been a light day for enlistments. Finally Stafford replied:

"Well, Jones, I honestly wish that something might happen to you that would demonstrate your ignorance. Now, if you could lose your position in the army for awhile and be forced to seek work like other men, the experience would do you all sorts of good. It would be a liberal education to you."

"Bah! I say it's all a matter of temperament, Stafford," Jones retorted. "You're one of those gloomy fellows, you know; a pessimist; always seeing the worst side of things. Why, seriously now, do you think that I couldn't make a living if I were out of the army?"

It was an ominous query, nor was the answer reassuring. "My dear fellow," said Stafford slowly, "if you had been out of the ranks for awhile and had been travelling with me you would have seen some things to astonish you. You are eternally forgetting, Jones, that you have been fed and groomed and generally taken care of by the government ever since the day you entered West Point. Consequently, I say, you are as ignorant as a babe of the manifold economic uncertainties that

beset the civilian. You say you could find a job. Well, I should like to see you do it. I should like to see the position that you could fill any better than any one of these millions of men who are now out of employment and unable to get it. Oh, yes, I know you declare that you have never seen anything to warrant such talk; you have never even noticed that the army invariably fills up after a big strike; and because the poor devils never tell you that they have joined the army because they could find no work, you assume that it is not true. But *I* know it is true. Moreover, it's a condition of things that society must take note of, or else perish—perish like the Romans—do you hear?"

Jones heard, but, still unconvinced, he unbuttoned his jacket and drew out his purse. "Come now, Stafford, I'll tell you what I'll do," said he. "Theories may be all very well, but proof is quite another matter. Now I'll bet you ten dollars that—"

Footsteps were heard in the hall below, pausing a moment, then slowly mounting the stairs. "Hist! it sounds like the colonel," said Stafford. "Hurry up, Jones; get your coat buttoned up. But I'll take your bet, old man!"

III.

When the second call for volunteers came it found Harold still out of employment. Thousands of men had been drawn from the city in the first call, yet there were plainly more than enough left behind to carry on all the business. Moreover, the newspapers everywhere asserted that business was growing better, and that war was manifestly one of the best things for business that was ever known, as though to prove that all tendencies which made for waste and destruction were beneficent, while those whose function it is to lessen waste were necessarily evil—such, for instance, as new and improved machinery. So that oftentimes, whilst vainly walking the streets in search of that job he could never find, he would catch himself asking why it was that, if war was such a blessing to society, we

could not have war all the time, so as to enjoy a continual round of prosperity.

"Two standing armies, Annie," he observed one afternoon while they were sitting on the porch, "one on the Pacific coast, and the other on the Atlantic, and fighting hard all the time, against the Spanish preferably, or else against each other, ought to make us all rich after awhile; don't you think so?"

She laughed. "You know, Harold, you wouldn't feel and think in that way if you were only at work. I think, too, it's the books you've been reading. They make one so discontented. I wish you would stop it."

"Oh, yes, I suppose it is, somewhat," he confessed. "You see, when a man is at work he doesn't have time to read and reflect half as much as he should, and then, afterwards, when he is out of work and can't find it, it only adds to his misery. What a deep-laid conspiracy it all is! Why, when I first went to work, Annie, I could find a position anywhere; so could every man. We didn't have so much machinery in those days, not even a department store. And yet all these things, all these improvements, that should make it easier for mankind to live and be happy, only seem to make it harder for most of us to live at all."

Annie kept on with her sewing. "Don't you think, Harold, if you should go right straight to the head of some of these large firms that they would listen to you and give you some kind of work?"

"They are very difficult to get at, Annie," he objected.

"But you know they are generous men, most of them," she urged; "almost every day they give something to churches and charitable institutions. I'm sure they would give a man a job whether they needed him or not—if they only knew."

But he was doubtful. "You think, then, Annie, that some of these great merchants don't know about these men out of work, do you?"

"Why, yes," she returned, "I really think they don't know, they are so busy."

He whistled a moment softly, then answered: "Well,

Annie, I hope you are right; it certainly isn't pleasant to think that they know, these rich merchants who own their sweat-shops by the dozen here in this city, taking the last penny from their slaves with one hand in order that they may give to charity with the other. They may say, of course, that the exigencies of business demand it; but it seems to me it would look better for them to stop giving so much to church and charity and university, and to pay their clerks and workers a little better."

"You think, then," she asked timidly, "that they have no heart; that they wouldn't listen to you if you should ask them for work?"

He made no reply for a space; he did not want to take away this last hope, and she looked at him so appealingly, with such a loving depth of pathos in her deep-blue eyes.

He arose, walked over to where she sat, and kissed her. "They might listen," he admitted, "possibly, if they could see you, Annie dear."

"But they can, Harold," she cried, clapping her hands. "I am going with you. Hush! Oh dear! I woke the baby."

"Never mind," he protested; "to-morrow will do just as well, you know."

She pouted. "Really, Harold, I don't think you have much confidence. It seems to me we ought to go right away. It's early yet, and it's such a lovely day. I feel it in me that we shall find something. There!"—she placed her hands on his shoulders—"just you turn round a moment. Do you see the new moon over your right shoulder?"

He saw it, the pale white crescent hanging midway to the zenith in the southwest. For more than a dozen returns had he noted it since he had been out of work as it followed its destined path, serene, majestic, with no change or deviation save the strictly mathematical to mar its course. How different it all was out there in the far blue oceans of space, where no body, no matter how tiny or insignificant it might be, could ever be lost, thrust out, or cease to do its work without causing a sensible readjustment of the remotest units of all

creation! While here on this broad earth—O God! it was maddening to a mortal to see with that divine assurance that great orb held its way, that thing without life or intelligence!

"You think it will bring good luck?" he asked, incredulously.

Oh, yes; she was sure of it. "When you see it in just that way, you know, over your right shoulder."

He laughed aloud. "All right," he agreed; "we'll try it, Annie. Can you leave the baby next door? Well, we'll go right away."

A thought struck her. "Why not take the baby, too?" she asked. "Surely it would do no harm, and he's not very heavy to carry."

"Oh, no; I wouldn't do that," he objected, with sudden conservatism. "It wouldn't be right."

"But why not?" she persisted.

"Well, it's unusual, you know. Besides, business men don't like to have sentiment mixed up with business."

"Oh!" She was only surprised, not convinced.

"Yes, that's right," he maintained firmly. "Go and put your things on, Annie."

"Pshaw, Harold! Don't be silly," she rallied. "You know the baby isn't sentiment. Anyway, we'll take him."

IV.

It was nearing sunset on this same afternoon that Harold, again unsuccessful in his search for work, placed his wife and baby on the street car with a "Good-by, I'll be home in a little while," and inquired his way to the nearest recruiting station. The tall policeman on the corner told him where to go, and he hastened on. There was really no use in his avoiding this one available resource any longer; it was the finger of Fate possibly; none could tell what good might come of it, and as for ill—well, nothing could be any worse than at present. There are times when merely to exist, without action, without hope, becomes a curse compared to which any plunge is preferable. He felt it now.

And yet within the building at the foot of the stairs he paused. He remembered his wife and child. Was it fair to them to do this thing? Even now he saw the parting; tasted the anguish of telling her that he must go, that he could do nothing else. For there was no help for it; he had less than five dollars left, and he was resolved to borrow no more money. He ascended the stairs.

In the room at the head of the stairs an officer was hurriedly buttoning his fatigue jacket; another sat at a desk, facing him, looking very stern, though he appeared at first to be a trifle surprised, causing Harold to wonder whether he had called too late.

"Well, sir, have you come to enlist?" asked the stern officer.

Harold hesitated a moment, then answered: "Yes, sir, I want to enlist, if you can make it possible for me."

The officer glanced at him carelessly. "Oh, there won't be any trouble about that," said he. "You seem to be a pretty solid sort of a fellow—five feet, ten; one hundred and seventy pounds. Married or single?"

"Married," Harold answered. "But wait a moment, please; I want to explain. I wish to ask first if you ever pay wages in advance?"

The officer dropped his pen, scanning him swiftly. "Why, no, of course not," he replied. "It's not the custom. You'll get your pay every month."

"Oh!"

If he had not been so self-centred he might have seen the officer close one eye a moment and stare at his brother officer.

"I'm sorry," he added finally, "but I don't think I can join, then."

"Oh, now, that's too bad," said the officer. "You'd make a fine man for the army. What's the reason you hesitate? Don't you love your flag well enough to fight for it?"

Harold started. He was half ashamed that he had not even thought of that. "The flag," he stammered honestly, "has nothing at all to do with it. It's the money."

Whereat the other officer spoke up. "Why, man alive!

you're crazy! Don't you know it's only thirteen dollars a month?"

Harold nodded. "That includes board, doesn't it?" he asked furtively.

"Board?" cried the officer. "Oh, yes, I should say it did—board and lodging! Thirteen dollars a month and found. Now, do you mean to say, a man like you, that you can't make more than that right here at home?"

He shook his head. "If I could," said he frankly, "I shouldn't have called to enlist. However, I can't think of that now, if there will be no wages for a whole month. I'm sorry I troubled you, sir." He backed towards the door.

The man at the desk rose from his chair suddenly. "Here, wait a moment," he cried; "we'll fix you up all right." And feeling in his pocket he counted out three silver dollars on the desk. "I say now, Jones," he called out to his fellow officer, "don't you think this will be a good time for you to pay that bet? Put your ten dollars right here and we will advance him a month's wages. See?"

Jones unbuttoned his coat slowly, and drew out his purse.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said he. "It's as bad as Spain."

V.

"Don't go, Harold; don't go!"

He attempted no reply, merely held her in his arms till her first grief should have passed. He knew that anything he might say would be futile and, as he felt, false. When he had been a boy in school his imagination had been wont to body forth this scene quite differently; at such a time he fancied that he would be very proud, and very brave, yet very tender. And even now some echo of that old sweet song of *Lovelace's* trembled on his ear:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

And it shamed him. Why could he not feel like that? Why should he alone be so base, so ignoble, as to go to the war for money?

"Don't, Annie," he urged softly; "there's no use in crying. You see, for all we know it may turn out to be the very best thing that could happen to us. Everyone knows the war can't last long, and every month I can send you money—not much, but enough to live on, which is a great deal better than being without work here in the city. And afterwards, perhaps, we won't be obliged to live here forever, depending on the chance to get a job. I may find a little home in the South, you know; just a little piece of land big enough for strawberries, and watermelons, and—well, everything we want."

He paused in some confusion. Ah me! how different it all was from that pretty song to Lucasta! It seemed so strange to be speaking of watermelons at such a time, and with never a voluntary syllable on honor, patriotism, or his flag!

And that evening, when she went with him to the station where the troops were to embark for Chickamauga, where men and women stood in throngs, shoulder to shoulder, while their cheers rent the air, he could say nothing, nothing. He stood apart with Annie; a few other little groups there were, where there was no cheering, where now and then there rose a sob, as of a woman crying, and of voices that whispered but could not comfort. But, directly, a splendid company filed past, magnificently costumed, with conquering roll and rhythm of martial music that echoed against the night. They came to a halt, went through the manual, and the cheers that followed as they paused at an "*Arms, rest!*" fairly swept the multitude off its feet. Harold cheered with the rest; he could not have helped it had he wanted to.

"Look, Annie!" he cried; "that's the company formed in the Leisure Hour Club. By Jove! aren't they fine? They've spent over fifty thousand already on equipment. Why, those miserable half-starved Spanish soldiers will fall down in terror at the mere sight of their uniforms. I'm glad they are part of our regiment, aren't you?"

She glanced up in his face, smiling timidly, but saying nothing; shivering slightly as his arm tightened round her.

"Are you cold, Annie dear?"

She shook her head. Her eyes were perilously bright, but she winked them very hard. Yet try as she would she could not quite control herself; to keep silence, holding her lips tight sealed, was a device that helped her for a while; but when the final command came, and the men were entering the cars all round her, the sobs fairly shook the words out of her in broken syllables, despite her every care:

"Harold, oh, Harold! No, I cannot bear it; it all seems so cruel, so wicked, so unjust. I—I'm sure I don't—want to—feel this way; but, oh—some way, everything seems so different with you—than with these other men. We don't seem—to have any—any country, any home—worth fighting for."

He silenced her with kisses. "Hush, darling. You don't believe what you say."

"Oh, yes, I do," she protested impatiently, her indignation mounting swiftly to her support. "Listen, Harold; I have thought about it—so much—a long while, and it seems to me that any country that can't—can't provide work for all its people, you know, in times of peace, is a country that's scarcely worth fighting for—in times of war."

Other recruits were standing near; they heard her every word, tear-stained yet strenuous. Still others were crowding towards the cars.

A rifle fell to the platform, and when, through the mist before her, she again looked at Harold he was removing his knapsack.

"Oh, stop!" she gasped, "what are you doing?"

"Well, I'm not going," said he quickly.

"Oh, no, not that, Harold, not that," she cried. "I don't mean what I said—not quite. And, anyway,"—stooping and picking up his gun,—“it is never right to desert.”

"But, Annie," he protested though accepting his gun perforce, "you know it is all nonsense. Why, it seems worse than blasphemy for me to go to war! You know I have no patriotism."

"Oh, yes, you have, Harold," she insisted; "lots!" And she hastily adjusted his knapsack, smiling playfully the while.

"There! And, after all, Harold, when you stop to think of it, you know, patriotism perhaps doesn't consist in having lots of land and lots of money and so going to war to fight for one's selfish interests. No, the patriot is one who, having nothing, gives everything for a right cause—even his life. There, kiss me, Harold! and good-by."

They were standing almost alone, deserted; the crowd that had come to cheer and see the men embark had been pressed back beyond the railing. Three or four soldiers stood waiting to climb on at the rear of the last coach. An electric light overhead sputtered a moment, and the space where they stood became suddenly darkened.

He put his arms round her, and hugged her close.

"Annie, God bless you! Good-by."

She stood there waving her handkerchief to him as the train pulled out; still smiling; and once, at a motion he made, she laughed out loud, so joyously that the people who saw and heard her laughed, too. And when at last she turned away there was a light in her eyes, a wonderful light, perhaps not so very unlike the light in Lucasta's eyes after all.

UNDER THE ROSE.

THANKSGIVING DAY. Talleyrand's cynical definition of gratitude as "a lively sense of favors to come," contains a suggestion of truth the very opposite of cynical in its larger, fuller acceptance. Genuine gratitude is the distinctive virtue of every great soul. It is the fruit of faith serene and certain, of a recognition of the good at the heart of all things. Accordingly it is creative and continuing. Rising far above the sycophancy satirized by the great Frenchman in the clever phrase which has passed into a proverb, it bases expectancy of future blessings on remembrance and recognition of past

favor. Such expectancy is entirely logical and reasonable. More than this, it produces the mental attitude essential to every realization of our hopes. "There's nothing good or ill, but thinking makes it so." For most of us it is well to have special times and seasons for thanksgiving. It is said that the grateful man does not depend on anniversaries for reminders of God's goodness, the thought of thankfulness being always with him. Yet, in our national "harvest home" festival, do we not rejoice in thought of "the dangers we have passed" as well as in prosperities achieved? It is surely well to so ground ourselves in faith in God that we may be perpetually thankful—and not more thankful for the things that make life easy and pleasant than for the occasions and opportunities that make life difficult and glorious. In this festival of ours the Puritan preserved the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin; he relaxed the asceticism of the sectary and for the time became a natural man—going back to the humanness of the old Greek nature-worship. The natural man's natural thankfulness is best expressed in enjoyment of the good things of life, rather than in psalm singing and set prayers, or other formal ceremonial. The pleasant glow of anticipation caused in the healthy man by the fragrance of roast turkey and pumpkin pie; the amicable sociability of congenial spirits circled around the festive board, and the gladness stimulated and put in circulation through even the hard, dark, and cold places of the world by the enjoyment of good cheer—all this is truly religious, genuine giving of thanks, prayer for daily bread sure to be answered. When we realize that "it is good to be alive," we are already grateful; no length of "grace," before or after meat, accompanied by lack of enjoyment of our meat, will assure digestion and assimilation, or cure dyspepsia. Let us be thankful for everything—one day as much as another—and for toil and trial as much as for ease and triumph. The one sure way to have more to be thankful for is to appreciate to the utmost what we already have.

**THE
ELECTIONS.**

Why should we allow the victor of the moment to monopolize the rejoicing? Taken altogether, the results of the recent elections indicate the relegation of the silver issue to the rear. With a Republican Senate assured for the next four years, the passage of a free-coinage bill during that time is made impossible and the whole question placed for the time being outside of practical politics. "No question is ever settled until it is settled right," and the assumption by those with whom the wish is father to the thought that "free silver has received its death blow," is possibly premature. A gain in Congressional representation for the Massachusetts Democrats on a platform emphatically indorsing the free-silver plank of the Chicago platform, a loss of several Congressmen to the Democrats in New York on a platform evading that issue, and the success of the fusion ticket in Colorado by the handsome majority of 50,000, despite the defection of a strong faction of the silver Republicans and the open and lavish use of a considerable corruption fund in the interest of the administration wing represented by Senator Wolcott, are straws of some significance in this connection. It is plain that the currency question has yet to be settled. Thinking men on both sides fully realize that the instability of the present system, which has caused so much distress and disaster in the past, must remain an element of danger until that system is reformed on a permanent basis. It is felt by many, however, that instead of being committed to the chances of party success, either at the polls or in Congress, the question will find a natural and speedy settlement quite apart from political considerations. The logic of events, it is now openly recognized by leading Democrats like Senator Morgan of Alabama and by those Republican leaders in the inter-mountain country who followed Senator Teller into the Bryan camp, will decide the money question on a basis acceptable to both Republicans and Democrats; that is to say, as one unlooked for but most important result of the war with Spain, we have virtually incorporated into the Union countries and populations whose mone-

tary needs can be met only by a large increase in the silver coinage. To supply these needs it now seems inevitable that a bill will be introduced in the coming session of Congress, with the approval—if not at the instance—of the administration, for the free and unlimited coinage of the American product. While only a beginning, such a measure cannot fail to be warmly welcomed by those whose championship of free silver coinage has been, in a large measure, actuated by concern for the revival of an important, though by no means the most important, product of the Rocky Mountain country. International bimetallism, it has been very distinctly demonstrated, cannot be forced. The action of England and other countries in the matter must be based, in the nature of things, on what is now, rather than on what may be looked for in the future. When, through the largely increased use of silver as a money metal, which our colonial and Eastern trade will require, the market price of silver bullion has naturally responded to the increased demand and attained, or approximated, \$1.29 per ounce—as it surely will within the next year or two—there will be no serious opposition to an international agreement for the coinage of gold and silver on equal terms—at the ratio of 16 to 1—in all the mints of the civilized world. It is obvious, therefore, that those who sincerely believe that the emancipation of the producing classes is dependent upon the free coinage of silver and gold should welcome and espouse the destiny which is now carrying the country forward on a policy of "expansion." They should not be deceived by that element of opposition to the present policy of the administration which seeks to raise the bugaboo of "Imperialism." "Trade follows the flag" is in this case a truism. In the very nature of things, the raising of the American flag in Manila, as in Cuba and Porto Rico, means far more than any territorial conquest; it means far more than the domination of a strong nation over weaker nations; it means the extension of all that the American principle stands for—the extension and exaltation of liberty, justice, and brotherhood among men. What is more, it

means business; business that shall inure to the constantly increasing profit of both buyer and seller; business that shall call forth in ever greater and greater degree the genius, enterprise, and energy of man. Falling heir to the neglected and abused colonial heritage of Spain, we shall better our inheritance by utilizing it in the spirit of the twentieth century, rather than that of the fifteenth. We shall regard it, not as plunder and prey, but as a responsibility and opportunity in helping forward the grand work of humanity's unfoldment and development.

* * * *

**GREETING
FROM
MR. ADAMS.**

Concerning the consolidation of the *New Time* with THE ARENA, I am glad to print here Mr. Adams's message of farewell and hail to his readers: "As editor of the *New Time* it is a pleasure to announce the successful conclusion of negotiations by which the *New Time* is consolidated with THE ARENA. This insures the permanency of one great reform review. It is a step in the right direction and may pave the way for future consolidations and the eventual unification of the forces now waging scattering and guerilla warfare on behalf of reform. "The fact that the *New Time* loses its identity in this amalgamation counts for nothing. In the crusade now in progress names and individuals must not be considered as against ideas and principles. Those of us who for two years have worked unceasingly for the success of the *New Time* had in mind not the success of a magazine, or the building up of a personal reputation, but were inspired with a desire to plant the seed of social and economic reform in fertile soil. I believe that as editor of the *New Time* I have the right to say that its supporters and readers are proud and happy when they survey the work which they have accomplished, and speaking for them, I pledge their hearty co-operation to THE ARENA. Let us mobilize the forces of reform. Let us practise that co-operation which we preach, and instead of frittering away our strength in a destructive competition, mass

our energies in building up a great reform magazine. It would be presumption for me to thank the readers of the *New Time* for what they have done, but I do congratulate them, and pledge anew what energies I have to the work for which the *New Time* was dedicated and which will be perpetuated by THE ARENA. In another column an announcement is made of the terms on which the two magazines have been consolidated. Here's to the splendid success of THE ARENA and a pledge of loyal co-operation to its editor."

* * * *

In the November *Journal of Practical Metaphysics* Mr. Dresser notifies his readers

MR. DRESSER'S MESSAGE. of the amalgamation of forces in the following graceful editorial: "Consolidation is the order of the day, and *The Journal of Practical Metaphysics* proposes to exemplify the saying that 'in union there is strength.' The present number will be the last issue in independent form. But beginning with the December number of THE ARENA, *The Journal* will join forces with the latter magazine. In January *The Temple*, edited by Mr. Paul Tyner, who has recently become editor of THE ARENA, will also add its strength to the combined magazine, which will not only assimilate the resources of *The Journal* and *The Temple*, but become the representative of the ideals and interests for which the latter have stood. Mr. Tyner is well known as the author of spiritually helpful books of the highest order, notably 'The Living Christ,' while *The Temple* has been an exponent of the broadly sympathetic phase of the New Thought, the great truths of the living Christ, and the doctrine of bodily immortality. Under his management THE ARENA is to be truly an Arena, not an organ, and is to give shape to, and aid the realization of, the highest ideals of the time. The editor of *The Journal*, who will become associate editor of THE ARENA, will contribute even more matter to its pages than could find space in *The Journal*, and will carry with him its best contributors, at the

same time endeavoring to realize in the larger magazine the ideal which could receive but partial expression in the necessarily limited scope of the present publication. . . . The time has come, too, to point out the intellectual dangers of the New Thought, to call attention to its wider possibilities. This discussion the editor of *The Journal* proposes to begin in early issues of *THE ARENA*, under the general heading 'The Relation of the New Thought to Exact Philosophy.' We shall start with a broad definition of the New Thought, consider the nature of the spiritual activity in man, ask in what sense life may be said to have a meaning, in what sense 'all is good,' and proceed to a logical development of the broad philosophy thus outlined, in the light of a fundamentally critical standard, and with special reference to the ethical ideal, the problems of fate, freedom, and evolution. We cordially bid our readers come with us to this larger field."

* * * *

As a general thing, I don't believe in luring a boy or girl away from studies or pastimes by promise of pin money to be gained by selling or canvassing. **THE ARENA SCHOLARSHIP.** *THE ARENA* scholarship announced on another page must not be confounded with any scheme of this sort. Our high-school boys and girls in canvassing for *THE ARENA* during spare hours will be pleasantly and profitably employed, broadening their own minds by familiarizing themselves with the world's best current thought and helping the cause of general education among children of the larger growth. At the same time the chance of handsome and ample provision for all the expenses of a college career is offered, leaving their energies free for college work during the college term. What Uncle Sam does for the favored West Point or Annapolis Cadet the successful contestant will do for himself or herself.

BOOK REVIEWS.

AMONG recent books devoted to the New Thought, many will most gladly welcome a little treatise by W. J. Colville, "The Law of Correspondences Applied to healing,"* in which the author has made specific application of the mental-healing philosophy, and given an admirably clear statement of its most important principles. Another volume by a well-known mental scientist is "The Sermon on the Mount," by Annie Rix Militz,* an attractive little book in which the teaching of Jesus is interpreted in accordance with New Thought principles, and in the light of its practical application to daily life. In a pamphlet entitled, "God Incarnation *versus* Personal Reincarnation, Evolution, and Karma,"† M. E. Cramer rejects reincarnation as "based in personal desire," and because it "takes place without God, . . . a doctrine based in illusive imagination," for which the author substitutes the theory of eternal oneness with the perfect God. Oddly enough, the author also rejects evolution and dogmatically affirms that "there is no truth in the claim that the higher can be evolved from the lower . . . or that we are the result of our thoughts and experiences." Such statements are surprising in these modern days, when evolution is accepted as the only theory which accounts for the development of man, the only theory which finds place for a rational idea of God. The extreme dogmatism of this book is one more illustration of the firm hold which creationism still has upon devotees of the New Thought. Never should such devotees hope to refute the doctrines of Karma and evolution by *ex-cathedra* treatises like this. The theosophist may still claim that logic is on his side, while the scientific man may reply that "the critic has failed to understand." Instead of these alleged refutations, we therefore recommend to the

* Chicago: F. M. Harley Publishing Company.

† San Francisco: The Harmony Publishing Company. 36 pages. 25 cents.

reader a thorough course of study in the literature of evolution, notably books of the type of "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," by Professor Joseph Le Conte.

The title and general appearance of Mr. Trine's new book, "The Greatest Thing Ever Known,"* are so strongly suggestive of "The Greatest Thing in the World," that for the moment one thinks only of Professor Drummond. However, this thought put aside, the book is found to be an earnestly original statement of the ultimate truth of life. "The greatest thing ever known . . . is that in our real essential nature we are one with the Infinite Life and Power, and that by coming into, and dwelling continually in, the conscious, living realization of this great fact, we enable to be manifested unto and actualized within us the qualities and powers of Divine Life, and this in the exact degree and completeness of this realization on our part." "The only stones with which human life can build is thought. It and it alone is the moulding, the creative power—earnest, sincere thought of the place where we are, this constitutes the stones of the place where we are and with which we can make a pillow upon which for the time being to rest." For suggestions in regard to the application of this doctrine, the author refers the reader to the larger volume, "In Tune With The Infinite," a much abler work, which we understand has reached several editions and proved very hopeful. The larger volume is also much better in style. The redundant, uncritical style of the present treatise is a serious defect, and one wishes that Mr. Trine had more carefully revised it before giving it to the press. Style, it is true, is not held in the highest esteem among some New Thought writers; but if this doctrine is to pass out of its cruder stage, and win the attention of large numbers of people, it must become literary in form, and less dogmatic in statement. The following comment from a recent review of a New Thought treatise could not then be justly made: "An amiable spiritual pride, a humane, essentially immature idealism, an edifying vagueness, a somewhat dilute solution of the

*New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 12mo. 35 cents.

ancient lore of mystical faith . . . no critical thinking from beginning to end." With the advent of this critical thinking, treatises like the major part of New Thought books will no longer be possible, for the attempt to free them from vagueness and dogmatism will result in their entire rejection.

—H. W. D.

* * * *

Written to meet an immediate need, without thought of publication, the chapters of "Helps to Right Living," by Katherine H. Newcomb,* bear the imprint of personal messages. Direct and earnest quotations, selected with great care from sympathetic writers, are generously interspersed among the original thoughts. Mrs. Newcomb's thought is emphatically optimistic. The philosophy inculcated is practical idealism. Every soul born into the world has a sacred individuality; possesses inherent possibilities for unfoldment; its life problems are to be solved through experience, through individual responsibility. Every problem comes with a meaning and is accompanied by the power to conquer undesirable conditions. As an aid in the solution of the various experiences of every-day life, Mrs. Newcomb has written a series of chapters on topics such as Difficulties; Criticism; Burdens; Forgetting; Demand and Supply; Mental House-cleaning; Fearlessness; Perseverance; The Personal and Divine; Love; Poise. The chapters are brief, suggestive rather than exhaustive. Even an unsympathetic reader would find in the principles stated little to antagonize; for a spirit of tolerance and breadth of thought pervades the pages. The paramount aim is to help the reader in spiritual development, freed from theories and methods. "I find the one thing needful is to learn how to open ourselves to the spiritual." Though the sentiments are ideal, they are strongly practical and entirely possible of realization. "I am success, for I am one with God; and God knows no failure." The book is worthy of recommendation, being alike adaptable to beginners and minds older in the philosophy.

—A. R. D.

* George H. Ellis, Boston. 171 pages. \$1.25.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Arena Company announces, with much gratification, the consolidation with THE ARENA of *The Temple*, edited and published by Mr. Tyner during the past twenty months in Denver; of the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, edited and published in Boston for several years past by Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, and of the *New Time*, the brilliant reform magazine edited by Mr. Frederick Upham Adams in Chicago.

The *Journal of Practical Metaphysics* had made for itself an enviable place as exponent of the new metaphysics, its treatment of the subject being notably broad, vigorous, intellectual, and deeply spiritual, without being in any sense sectarian. That this consolidation has been made possible is due, indeed, to Mr. Dresser's recognition that the metaphysical movement has now reached a development that entitles it to larger place in the general periodical literature of the day, and that its mission may be best fulfilled by freeing it from all tendency to the narrowness of any peculiar school or system.

Beginning with the December number, unexpired subscriptions to the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics* and to the *New Time* or *The Temple* will be filled by THE ARENA. Although the annual subscription to THE ARENA is \$2.50 and that of the *Journal* and of the *New Time* is, in each case, \$1.00, it has been decided to send this magazine for six months to all subscribers entitled to twelve numbers of the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, the *New Time* or *The Temple*, and for a proportionate time to those who are entitled to any less period. Subscribers to the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, the *New Time* or *The Temple* remitting \$1.00 before January 1 may have their subscriptions extended six months on THE ARENA's list.

It is particularly gratifying to add to this announcement that the consolidation includes more than subscription lists; that, in fact, it means a genuine union of forces from which much may be hoped, Mr. Dresser becoming associate editor of THE ARENA and devoting his time and talent regularly to the work of building up and extending THE ARENA's already large and growing influence for good. To thousands of people all over the country Mr. Dresser's name is familiar as the author of "The Power of Silence," a volume which has attained the remarkable success, for an author's first book, of reaching its eighth edition within two years,—a success due entirely to its intrinsic merit and helpfulness as a clear, convincing, and entirely rational presentation of the optimistic philosophy we call "the new thought."

The arrangement by which the *New Time* of Chicago becomes merged in THE ARENA will undoubtedly strengthen the movement for social freedom and constructive reform with which both reviews have been identified.

No apology should be necessary for taking this opportunity to suggest that old and new readers alike of THE ARENA and of the three magazines now merged in it may give practical expression to their approval of this union of forces and all it holds in the way of advancing the cause of truth, by promptly sending in renewals and persuading their friends to join them in coming to the support of THE ARENA.

BOSTON, November 15, 1898.

The ARENA

A MONTHLY REVIEW
OF SOCIAL ADVANCE.

PAUL TYNER, Editor.

HORATIO W. DRESSER, Associate Editor.

PROSPECTUS.

PURPOSE AND METHOD

THE ARENA seeks to emphasize and develop the true American spirit, its purposes, powers, and privileges. Americanism stands for advance; for leadership in all that makes for human welfare, enlightenment, and progress. This advance is one all along the line, closely related to the everyday life of all the people in every field. Essentially positive, optimistic, constructive, and progressive, it has place of first importance as a moving and moulding influence in human affairs, working on the minds of men and determining character and conduct. THE ARENA will review the life of our own time as seen from this standpoint. It is hoped to thus bring the inspiration and uplift of the national spirit and the national life more distinctly into the life of the individual citizen—into industry, whether of farm, factory, or mine; into commerce, into civil as well as military and naval service and administration; into education, into religion, literature, and art, and—as important parts of the great national life and growth—into the various branches of the forward movement.

INDEPENDENT AND UNIFYING

Absolutely independent and untrammelled by ties of sect, party, or clique, THE ARENA's discussion and criticism of men and measures will be found at all times fair, candid, and fearless. It is hoped to so industriously improve the opportunity such a review presents for the promotion of "peace

and good will among men" that there will be neither time nor inclination to stir up strife and ill feeling. Synthetical and unifying, rather than neutral in its policy, the claims of every cause to public consideration will be tested by its contemporaneous human interest. Every question has two sides, and both will have unbiased presentation, that the truth may more plainly appear.

An experience of nearly twenty years
EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS east and west as a newspaper worker, supplemented by systematic training in sociological study and investigation, and years of active service in the reform movement as writer and speaker, warrant the belief that the new editor of *THE ARENA* will be found amply qualified on the practical side for the conduct of a review animated throughout by the highest and broadest patriotism. The associate editor, Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, is well and favorably known to thousands of readers in America as a thinker of decided power and originality and as a writer of clear, graceful, and luminous English, his work as editor of the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics* (now consolidated with *THE ARENA*) and his books, "The Power of Silence," "The Perfect Whole," and "In Search of a Soul," having won for him a leading place among the writers in the modern metaphysical movement. To many old friends and admirers, a host of new and appreciative readers will be added by Mr. Dresser's contributions to *THE ARENA* and by the additional assurance of breadth, alertness, and fine literary quality which his association in the editorship will mean. Other writers of the highest reputation and ability, in close sympathy with the purpose and programme of *THE ARENA*, have been enlisted as contributors; but it is not desired to make cheap capital of mere names, and ever on the alert to discern and encourage new writers of promise, *THE ARENA*'s pages will be open to every man or woman who has something to say worth saying at the right time and in the right way.

**CRISPNESS
AND
DIGESTIBILITY**

THE ARENA's appeal to popular favor will be backed by crispness and originality throughout. Published for men and women who believe in the seriousness and earnestness of life, it will provide intellectual food that shall be solid without being indigestible. Its literary standard will be steadily maintained without subordinating force, freshness, and originality to conventional canons of criticism. THE ARENA will not fear to press forward into new paths without waiting for others to set the pace.

**FOUR
MAGAZINES
IN ONE**

With the December issue the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, published in Boston for several years past under the editorial direction of Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, is consolidated with THE ARENA, Mr. Dresser at the same time becoming associate editor of THE ARENA. The purpose of the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, "To apply philosophy to daily conduct in the broadest sense," and which has been so well carried out in that magazine, will receive even larger attention in THE ARENA. This union of forces, to be followed shortly by the merging of *The Temple* in THE ARENA, is indicative of a strong sense on the part of the editors of the important place which rightfully belongs to the "new thought" in general literature. It is believed that no merely metaphysical "organ" could carry out the mission of the "new thought" with the same breadth and comprehensiveness as is made possible in a publication like THE ARENA, appealing as it does to the progressive and practical in every field of effort. That THE ARENA under the new régime is gathering strength from the very start is shown in the further consolidation of interests effected with the *New Time* of Chicago, the brilliant and forceful review edited by Mr. Frederick Uphams Adams. It will be very generally recognized that this union of forces between THE ARENA and the *New Time* must mean a very decided strengthening of the reform movement east and west.

Both publications have been agreed on essentials and both are identified in the public mind with the progressive and liberal spirit.

**INDISPEN-
SABLE**

To all who believe in the mission of such a representative of the progressive spirit in the field of periodical literature; to all who desire to keep accurately, fully, and promptly informed as to the progress of the forward movement in all its branches, **THE ARENA** will be indispensable; to every friend of positive and constructive reform and development, confident appeal is made for prompt and practical support.

AGENTS

THE ARENA is seeking a trustworthy and active agent in every county in the United States. Men or women interested in the forward movement and having a little spare time for this work will find it worth while communicating with **The Arena Company**.

TERMS

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I have us'd"

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